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Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 2, 1970 60 CENTS

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WHO'S WHO? is a question football fans discuss with vehemence. Dan Jenkins adds some light, and perhaps some heat, as he assesses Ohio State, Texas and Notre Dame.

MARSHMALLOW-MUNCHING alligators and enough sand to stock the Sahara are two of the hazards described in a story on one of America's newest and most beautiful golf courses.

THE BIG BUG is a dread virus that produces an often incurable disease in grown men love of an aged French car. One anguished owner writes of his costly, enduring passion.

4

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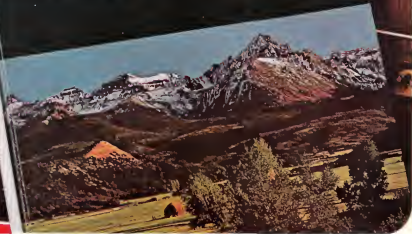
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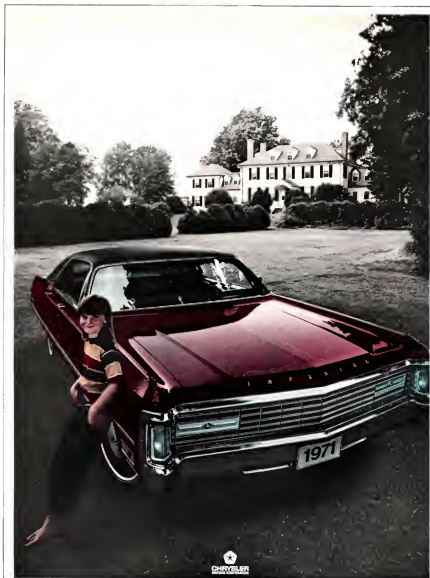
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

HIGH OCTANE

Someone asked a yuppie what he thought of the Indianapolis 500 and the yuppie said, "They're all innocent."

HOW BIG IS BIG?

The poor old Denver Rockets of the American Basketball Association (SHELLEIGH, Sept. 28 and Oct. 19) keep having trouble. Now Spencer Haywood, first of the undergraduate basketball stars Denver signed out of college before their eligibility was up, has been fined and suspended by the club. Haywood's trouble is a disinclination to play (he missed three practices and one game last week before he was suspended), brought about to some extent by a broken finger incurred during the exhibition season and to a greater extent by disenchantment with the six-year contract he signed last year for a total of \$1.9 million. That figure supposedly included all elements of his contract, of course, his actual salary was only \$35,000, although it was to escalate to \$75,000.

That was last year. This year Haywood apparently decided that he was not sure he was getting all that he had been promised and asked that his contract be renegotiated. Ben Gibson, a Denver banker who was Haywood's legal guardian before the player reached his 21st birthday last April, said, "I'm sure some other players have begged him about not being treated right. They tell him they're getting \$85,000 a year, and he wonders why he isn't. Of course, these guys are always lying but Spencer doesn't know this. With that injury, I guess he had nothing else to do but listen to these ding-a-lings and it began to fester. He's a good kid, but now he feels people aren't treating him right and there are plenty of guys around who want him to believe that."

Including, perhaps, the rival NBA, where money seems to be no object. Here is a rundown on the Philadelphia 76ers' salaries ("some precise, some estimated from reliable information"), as

published a couple of weeks ago in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*:

Billy Cunningham, \$235,000
Archie Clark, \$125,000
Luke Jackson, \$100,000
Hal Greer, \$100,000
Bailey Howell, \$62,500
Wally Jones, \$40,000
Jim Washington, \$30,000
Matt Guekas (since traded), \$30,000
Bud Ogden, Dave Scholer, Dennis Awrey, Al Henry (combined), \$110,000
Total, \$832,500, or almost \$70,000 a man.

Some of these figures certainly must include benefits beyond base salaries. Even so, somebody is kidding somebody, either in Philadelphia or Denver.

HUNT FOR THE BEST

Recruiting football players is a subtle art. Among the things that Mississippi State likes to let its prospects know about is its athletic dormitory, which includes a game and fish cleaning room, complete with "stainless steel sink and disposal can in a Formica-covered counter."

MINOR CASUALTY

Professional football's No. 1 minor league, the Atlantic Coast Football League, is in deep financial trouble and may have difficulty finishing the season. The Orlando Panthers (which tried to revive interest early this season by hiring Pat Palinkus, the lady placekick holder) are near the bottom of the barrel; the Panthers agreed to play last Saturday only because the gate receipts might be enough to pay their salaries. The Jersey Jays have already been taken over by the league. The Richmond Saints postponed a game because of "injuries and other problems," even though there were enough players on hand to play. The "other problems" were not spelled out, but only 1,500 had attended Richmond's game a week earlier.

Commissioner Cosmo Iacovazzi, uncle of the former Princeton All-American, insisted last week that reports of

the league's imminent demise were without foundation. Yet every team is losing money. Most used to receive both players and money from NFL teams, but the NFL withdrew its financial support this season. Iacovazzi has talked with Pete Rozelle in the hopes of establishing a new working agreement, but unless the NFL decides a minor affiliate is needed, there will be no Atlantic Coast Football League in 1971.

ALL YOU NEED TO WIN

Some of the magic of coaching is clearly delineated in a report from Portugal, where a chap named Joaquim Meirim is trying to revolutionize traditional training concepts in soccer. Meirim took over a team called Belenenses, which finished seventh last year, fired the team's two acknowledged stars and began training a new group of 25 men on a team-spirit, everybody-is-equal basis. Nude bathing, mud massages and tree chopping were emphasized, and Portuguese sports pages had fun running photos of Belenenses players chopping down eucalyptus trees and being massaged in mud pools in their free moments away



from *air natural* swimming. "I have them swim naked," explained Meirim, "to help them achieve a complete state of relaxation and get rid of inner psychological conflicts." The team won its opening game impressively, but was only so-so in an exhibition game the coach scheduled for his players the very next day in order to "measure their capacity under strain." Nevertheless, one goal of this modern approach appears to have been reached early: fans are filling the stadium to see Meirim's wonders in ac-

continued

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the way
up to
KOOL



tion. Which moved a veteran, cynical Belenenses fan to say, "That's exactly what we want from Meirum: money. Then we can buy some really good players and hire a new coach."

SOURCES OF SUPPLY

The extravagant salaries in pro basketball and the death struggles of minor league football seem related to two other bits of information. One concerns the University of Miami, where a committee has recommended that Miami drop basketball after the 1970-71 season. The reason? It's too expensive. The school does not have a field house and the team does not draw in arenas around Miami (only 94 students showed up at one game last year).

The second concerns the National Hockey League, which will distribute more than \$1 million to amateur hockey this year in recompense for amateur players that NHL clubs drafted last June. The NHL has a complex system of payments that can reach a maximum of \$10,000 for each player drafted. Amateur hockey in Canada is, of course, a widespread activity that depends to a great extent on the financial support it receives from the professionals, who in turn depend on the amateurs for a constant flow of young players. Football and basketball and—to a lesser extent—baseball also depend on amateur organizations for their player supply—if you can call big-time collegiate sports amateur. Yet when the professionals draft a player, they pay nothing to the college that finds and develops him.

With college athletics in an increasing financial bind, perhaps it is time for the other big professional sports to adopt a system similar to hockey's, maybe something as simple as funding one scholarship for each draft choice. It never hurts to take care of a golden goose.

TEST FOR THE BEST

John Jacobs, trainer of Personality, who won the 1970 Preakness, and High Eclon, who won the 1970 Belmont, recently proposed a radical change in the qualifications for horses entered in the Kentucky Derby. Right now any thoroughbred can be nominated for the race and, assuming that the rather substantial series of nomination fees are paid, can run for the roses. As a result the fields are usually large, sometimes dangerously so. "Some people put their horses in

just to see their colors in the Derby," says Jacobs. "We're producing 25,000 foals a year now, and it's conceivable that in another 15 or 20 years we might be producing 50,000. It could reach the stage where 40 or 50 horses would be ready to enter the Derby."

Jacobs thinks the field should be limited to no more than 14 and that these should be top horses. First, he would eliminate all who have never won a race. Then he would eliminate those who have not won two races and then those who have not placed in a stakes race with a value of \$20,000 or more. If the field were still too bulky, he would continue to eliminate horses step by step until only winners of at least one \$100,000 race remained.

The trainer argues that such an elimination process is only logical. "Can you imagine," he asks, "a U.S. Open or an Indianapolis 500 if the field were opened to anyone who wanted to enter?"

Those wishing to support or rebut Mr. Jacobs can begin by mentioning Brokers Tip and Sir Barton. Both were maidens when they started in the Derby; both won it. For Brokers Tip, it was the only victory in an otherwise undistinguished career. For Sir Barton, it was an essential step on his way to becoming America's first Triple Crown winner.

VALUES

Utah State's football team had turned in its gear after a rather dismal 1969 season and Coach Chuck Mills felt troubled, looking back at the 3-7 record. More than that, he was disturbed because football was becoming more and more embroiled in social problems and politics. Utah State's football program had been involved in the problems to the point where it might have cost the Aggies a loss or two. But even his team's plight was of less concern to Mills than the criticism his favorite sport was receiving from the mouths of athletes and outsiders alike. Mills was anxious to develop something to impress on his players that it was a privilege to get an education through the American sport of football. He designed a red, white and blue American flag decal for Aggie helmets. He had the decals produced himself, and before the first home game, without the players' knowledge, he stuck one on each playing helmet. Mills then told his troops: "This decal means football is the great American game. It is a game where you sacri-

fice, respect each other and yourself, work together regardless of backgrounds and political, social or religious beliefs for a common goal; suffer, cry, laugh, wonder... together. Football is a microform of the American Adventure. Too many individuals, including athletes, are speaking against this sport and professing to speak for all athletes. Actually, they speak only for themselves. And there have always been talented athletes who would not pay a price or see the value of being a team man." Mills also read a prayer to his players. It said: "Our Lord, we thank You for the body, mind and spirit to play this game. We ask Your help to understand, respect and love our fellow man. We ask You to keep in Your care all who play this game."

THERE'S ALWAYS HAMBURGERS

Dr. Keith Jolles of Birmingham, England spends a fair amount of time analyzing the psyches and sexual drives of motorists (pronounced "motorists" in England). He says, "The average American driver is very much an unimaginative, conditioned type. He displays little competitive spirit. He regards his car as an extension of his home. It is a mobile room." What about Italy, land of romance and exotic automobiles? "Italians don't mix sex with motoring," Dr. Jolles says. "They are more interested in engine power." And Great Britain? Ah. The British driver is best at appreciating both his motor and what it can do to win a lady. But he goes overboard. "The Englishman," says the doctor, "spends so much money on his car that he cannot afford, generally, a decent meal for his girl or a fancy flat."

THEY SAID IT

- Dave McNally, Baltimore Orioles' pitcher, who has been a 20-game winner for three straight seasons: "One of these years I may ask for \$100,000—and that might be next January."
- Bob Ferry, Baltimore Bullet assistant basketball coach, referring to the heating pad used by Earl Monroe and the heat lamp used by Eddie Miles to soothe their sore knees: "This is the only club in the league that plugs itself in."
- Giacomo Agostini, world motorcycle champion and Italian idol, who is handsome and a bachelor: "I often receive calls at the most impossible hours from women who just want to let me hear the sound of a kiss."

END

TV

Monday night's pro football games grab boffo ratings and smart bettors have made a big killing, but nudies, saloons and players are all hurting

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

The United States is in the throes of a revolution wrought by faceless young men, some of them with Afros and long hair, who throw horns—the NFL players now performing on Monday night television. Without question, the Monday games on ABC, already dubbed “the Mondays” by alert gamblers who have made a bundle, have affected a variety of human endeavors from drinking habits to movie attendance. Anytime 35 million people suddenly start spending three hours of a hitherto normal weekday evening watching a pro football game on TV, they are bound to significantly influence mass culture, business trends and possibly the birthrate.

First, the voice of show biz, reports that Monday, traditionally the worst night for movie attendance, has become a disaster as a result of the TV game. Some theater owners are even thinking of closing down for the night. Hardest struck of all are the houses featuring nudies, which attract male members of the middle class.

Restaurant and bar business may be off as much as 25%. For example, Herb Rushing, who operates Sizzler Family Steakhouses in Manhattan Beach and Montclair, Calif., says, “Monday’s the worst night of the week, period. It’s been

Kansas City's Jerry Mays shows why playing on Monday is a hardship. Normally, he can touch his knees on Tuesday, sock tops on Wednesday, ankles on Thursday and toes by game time. Leaving a day of rest and recuperation means he's something of a stiff

WINS ON POINTS

terrible the past few months but since the NFL telecasts began it's atrocious."

The staff of Overlake Hospital in Seattle has suggested that no babies be born between 7 and 10 on Monday evenings. When Mrs. Joel Schroedel, the wife of a photographer, in labor since 3 p.m., gave birth to a boy at 6:52 p.m. on Monday, there were cheers from the delivery room.

Dick Benson, a grade-school teacher in Milwaukee, did not believe the Nielsen rating that gave the Mondays a third of the total national TV audience. The morning after the Detroit Lions-Chicago Bears Monday evening game he polled his class and discovered that sets had been turned on to the game in 29 of 31 homes.

A Nixon supporter in Kansas City who had been urging his friends to go to the President's speech there last Monday night was asked how he liked it. "I didn't go," he said. "Did you think I was going to miss that Oakland-Washington game?"

In Long Beach, Calif., a fan hulked at

\$3,000 den in his garage so he could watch the Mondays in seclusion. "I would have been happy to have spent \$6,000," says the fan, who, fittingly, has the All-Pro name of Darrell Otto.

Dr. Ernest Dichter, the big daddy of motivational research, says viewing interest in the Mondays may indicate Americans "are getting back to clean competitiveness. People are growing sick of mudies and violence. Pro football is the Lawrence Welk kind of thing. It might be compared to the success of the bestseller *Love Story*—a return to sentimental romanticism. Football is law and order in playful fashion. There are rules, and they are being obeyed. The good guys are rewarded and the offenders penalized. People are watching fair play. The coaches shake hands afterward. On another level football replaces the discussion show, and there may be lessons here for the media. Football is sort of a three-dimensional Susskind show, with measurable results. You see these discussion shows and you know just as much at the end as you did in the beginning. You don't know if Women's Lib beat the Black Panthers. But with football you know one team won, six to nothing, period."

As is always the case with any revolution, the Mondays are devouring their own. Much as Robespierre went to the guillotine and Marat bled to death in the tub, four of the five winning Monday teams have been liquidated on the following Sunday. This toll has given rise to the feeling that there is a definite Monday hex (see cover), and has resulted in a bonanza for shrewd bettors, whose only concern is to beat the point spread set by the bookies. If you had bet against both Monday teams on the following Sunday, you would have won seven out of 10 bets! This came as a surprise, even a shock, to NFL commissioner Pete Rozelle, usually billed by advance men as the finger-snapping Original Mr. With-It. Rozelle's hug may be ratings, major markets, demographics and the Sherman Antitrust Act, but when it comes to the points and the Mondays some gamblers were a calendar year ahead of the supposedly sophomoric. Says one proud bettor, "I think I got on to this before anyone else. When Dallas played the Giants on a Monday last year on CBS, I thought both teams would be off form the next Sunday. Cleveland clobbered Dallas 42-10, and the rotten, rock-bottom Eagles beat the Giants 23-20. I won a bundle."

The first public personage to take note

continued



of this potentially profitable probability was not, despite the alliteration, Spiro Agnew, but a *londoun*, Jimmie (the Greek) Snyder, the Las Vegas oracle who arranges his weekly *Sports Newsletter* ("... offered as a matter of news, information and entertainment and must not be construed as an invitation to violate any laws") to more than 300 newspapers and football freaks. According to the Greek, any Monday that plays the next Sunday is automatically minus at least three points. "Monday is a field goal," he says, sounding like a line out of *Peanuts*. Indeed, Monday has been such a warm blanket to the Greek that he even managed to pick the San Diego Chargers over the Bears. The Chargers were the first Monday to beat the spread. The Greek has stumbled more than once, but to quote from his *Newsletter* of Oct. 14: "The Chicago Bears are rated a 3 point favorite [by the bookmakers] over the San Diego Chargers. Chargers would have been rated at 2 by the Greek had they not played on Monday night. The Greek's rating: even."

According to Lem Banker, oddsmaker for the Las Vegas *Review-Journal*, there is more action now on pro football than ever before. "Monday night games on television and more competition between teams of the previous two leagues have helped to increase the amount of the action," says Banker. One big attraction of the Mondays is that bettors can sit back and watch their selection at work, something that does not happen to a gambler betting half a dozen or more Sunday games. Betting has been so brisk that one San Francisco bookie laments, "Monday was my day in the country until this thing came along. Now some of my customers insist that I be available up to 5 o'clock in the afternoon. When Rozelle gives us Tuesday and Wednesday football I'm going into another business."

There appear to be several reasons why the Mondays lose on Sundays, at least as far as the point spread is involved. For one, the Mondays cut down the preparation for next Sunday's game. Ordinarily, most pro teams coming off a Sunday game rest the next day. This usually does not happen with the Mondays. The regular routine is upset and, as Safety Mike Howell of the Browns says, "Anything is bad that gets you out of the training routine." Quarterback Bill Munson of the Lions agrees, "It

messes you up mentally and physically." After a Sunday game the Lions' routine, typical of most pro teams, is the day off on Monday, a mild workout without pads on Tuesday, offense day on Wednesday, defensive work on Thursday, half offense and half defense without pads on Friday and special teams on Saturday. After beating the Bears in a rough Monday night game four weeks ago the Lions tried to resume a normal work schedule on Wednesday. Coach Joe Schmidt had to curtail practice on both Wednesday and Thursday because many players couldn't work.

That Sunday the Washington Redskins "upset" the Lions. "We were just a flint team," says Schmidt. "We came off a Monday game. We had hurts. We couldn't generate anything." Running Back Mel Farr was kept out of the Sunday game because of an injured knee, but he says, "I think another day would have helped me play." The other players racked up on Monday did play on Sunday, but as a follower of the Lions notes, "They looked lousy and undoubtedly could have benefited from one more day of rehabilitation."

To be sure, there are a few players who don't believe the Mondays affect next Sunday's play. Johnny Unitas of the Colts says, "The shorter week doesn't hurt any. I found no trouble." True, the Colts beat the weak Boston Patriots on Sunday, but by only 14-6, their second touchdown coming on a Unitas pass with 1:52 to go when he was supposed to be running out the clock. The Colts played badly, no matter how well Unitas might have felt, and they won by less than the spread. Curiously, a couple of players even relish the Mondays. Lance Alworth of the Chargers says, "I like it when the game comes quicker. You don't practice so long." Teammate Walt Sweeney adds, "I love it because it cuts down on heavy practice."

But most pro players who have experienced the Mondays loathe them. "You need a day of rest to get the last game out of your system before you start another," says Jack Concannon, the Bear quarterback. Dick Schafrath, offensive tackle for the Browns, says, "I'm really not ready to work all out until Thursday or Friday of a regular week. Being physically tired has an effect on a team men-

THE MONDAY NIGHT SYNDROME

Four of the five Monday winners lost on the next Sunday. Moreover, if you bet against both teams that played the previous Monday—

giving or taking the points—you would have won seven of 10. Losing bets: San Diego, Oct. 18; Oakland and Washington, Oct. 25.

MONDAY, SEPT. 21	Cleveland Browns 31, New York Jets 21	
SUNDAY, SEPT. 27	San Francisco 49ers 34, Browns 31 Jets 31, Boston Patriots 21	Browns favored by 1 Jets by 13
MONDAY, SEPT. 28	Kansas City Chiefs 44, Baltimore Colts 24	
SUNDAY, OCT. 4	Denver Broncos 26, Chiefs 13 Colts 14, Patriots 6	Chiefs by 11 Colts by 10½
MONDAY, OCT. 5	Detroit Lions 28, Chicago Bears 14	
SUNDAY, OCT. 11	Washington Redskins 31, Lions 10 Minnesota Vikings 24, Bears 10	Lions by 8½ Vikings by 8
MONDAY, OCT. 12	Green Bay Packers 22, San Diego Chargers 20	
SUNDAY, OCT. 18	Los Angeles Rams 31, Packers 21 Chargers 20, Bears 7	Rams by 7½ Bears by 3
MONDAY, OCT. 19	Oakland Raiders 34, Redskins 20	
SUNDAY, OCT. 25	Raiders 31, Pittsburgh Steelers 14 Redskins 20, Cincinnati Bengals 0	Raiders by 9½ Redskins by 7

tally, and there is a tendency to make more mistakes." One player, who requested anonymity, says, "Monday is the day many guys sleep all day. After a real physical game, especially on the road, you start to feel the bruises about the time you get on the plane. Maybe a guy sneaks a bottle aboard. Maybe the coach doesn't want to see. It's hard to sleep on a plane after a rough game, win or lose."

Some players are bothered by the fact that the Mondays are played at night. Cornerback Lem Barney of the Lions says, "The reason I hate Monday night games is that you have all day to sit around and think about them. It drives me nuts." Baltimore Tackle Bob Vogel hates losing out on his sack time. "Against Kansas City," he says, "I was playing the second half at a time when I'm normally in bed." Jerry Mays, the Chiefs' defensive end, points out, "It takes longer to recuperate from a night game than a day game. Even if you play the game at home, you usually end up missing a night's sleep. If you've won, you're too excited to sleep. If you've lost, you're too mad at yourself to sleep. What made our Monday night game with Baltimore unusually tough was that it was a night game played on the East Coast. We didn't get back home until about 3 a.m. Tuesday, and Wednesday didn't feel at that good. The effect was not so much to cut our preparation time for the Denver game from seven to six days as it was to cut it from seven to 5½ days."

Any mental blocks that result from the Mondays are minor compared with the physical wounds. "You have to be in the game to see these men try to recover for the next weekend," says Cleveland Coach Blanton Collier. "The short week has given the next opponent a definite advantage." Frank Larry, consultant to the Rose Bowl Sports Book in Las Vegas, disagrees. "All it amounts to is that one team has 24 more hours to recuperate and we take that into account to the extent of one point at the most. But, over all, I think it's been exaggerated; it's a coincidence that has become a conversation piece, and it will even out before the season is over." Last Sunday's results (both Mondays managed to beat the point spread) support Larry's prediction.

San Diego trainer Jim Van Deusen, estimates players need from 48 to 72



Pete Rozelle. Good heavens! A betting edge!

hours to shake off the physical trauma of game contact. Kansas City Trainer Wayne Rudy says, "Pro football players are geared to play a game every seven days, and if they have less time than that between games it pushes them too much to get ready. Our heavy days in the training room are Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. By Friday and Saturday, excluding those with serious injuries, everybody is getting into pretty good shape. Coming out of any game, half the squad will have sore shoulders or backs. Take 24 hours' healing time away and most of them can still play, but not at full capacity, as they could if they had one more day." This is particularly true of veterans. "I have some back trouble," Jerry Mays says, "and when I play a game on Sunday and then go out and practice on Tuesday I find that when I try to touch my toes I can only reach as far as my knees. Wednesday I can reach to the tops of my socks. Thursday my ankles and then finally on Friday or Saturday I can touch my toes. So you can see what the cutting-down time between games does to me."

Will the aches and pains get better or worse as the season progresses? In all likelihood, worse. Ed Podolak of the Chiefs says, "As you get into the season I'm inclined to think that maybe a day of rest does you more good than a day of practice." Assistant Coach Bob Boyd of the Colts believes the situation "probably will be worse later in the year when injuries begin to pile up."

No matter how the players may feel, Rozelle is pleased. Oddly enough, much the same might be said for NBC and CBS. When Rozelle finally decided to



Jimmie the Greek: Monday is a field goal.

deliver his pitch for the Mondays—an idea he has had for years—CBS and NBC turned it down. They were locked into Monday night schedules. Rozelle tried ABC, and when it signed up, "CBS and NBC," in Rozelle's words, "were not obviously overjoyed." However, as a result of ABC taking on the Mondays, Rozelle was able to lessen the NFL's financial demands on CBS and NBC, and in return they agreed to cut back on Sunday doubleheaders. To Rozelle, this was ginger peachy because he feared doubleheaders would overexpose the game. By contrast, he sees no threat of overexposure with the Mondays, explaining, "We feel we've broadened our audience. On Monday night there are more sets in use than on Sunday afternoon. We're undoubtedly getting a lot of new fans."

Indications are that some of the new fans may be women, who, according to past popular thinking and cartoon captions, can't stand the sight of the old man staring hypnotically at the tube. "There may be some resentment by a woman about Sunday," Rozelle admits, "because there are family things that can be done, such as having a picnic, visiting Millie and Bob or playing ball with the children." He points out, however, that Monday is traditionally a night at home, and a telephone poll indicates women are receptive to football that night.

So far so good for ABC. Rozelle, law and order, fans old and new, and knowing better, even though the players have their doubts. But as Jim Houston, the Cleveland linebacker and co-captain, says, "We like to watch the other guys on Monday nights on television." **END**

SMASHING RETURN OF THE OLD ALI

By destroying Jerry Quarry in three rounds, Muhammad Ali proved he was ready for the showdown match with Joe Frazier **by MARK KRAM**

A journey of a thousand miles, say the Chinese, must begin with a single step. For Muhammad Ali, cut off from the ring that made him an international phenomenon and perhaps the most discussed athlete of our time, the way back to excellence—or even a modicum of it—was every bit of a thousand miles. But Monday night in Atlanta, against Jerry Quarry, he took much more than a single, faltering step. Before 5,000 people, to many of whom he was a symbol of release, Ali reclaimed his eminence and reputation, few had doubted that he had ever relinquished them.

With a cracking right hand, the speed of which seemed hardly impaired since he last fought, Ali cut Quarry over the left eye in the middle of the third round, a wound which would require 11 deep sutures and would not allow the Californian to come out for the fourth round. "It was not a butt," Quarry said before being stitched up, "and I don't

want anybody saying that it was. It was a right hand." Referee Tony Percz did not stop the fight. It was Quarry's chief cornerman Teddy Benham who did so, and with reason.

Quarry, puzzled by Ali's unorthodox style and unwilling to commit himself, was unable to launch an effective attack. About all he could do was counter with winging left hooks, most of which missed or were brushed off, although he did land one solid punch—a right hand to the body in the second round. "If he didn't get cut," said Ali, "I think it might have gone 10 rounds." Indeed, Quarry seemed to be gaining confidence until the blood began streaming down his face.

Confident, too, though hundreds of miles away in Pennsylvania, were Joe Frazier and his manager, Yank Durham. In training for a bout with light heavyweight champion Bob Foster on Nov. 18, Frazier went to sleep long before

the Atlanta fight started but was awakened by Durham and told of the result. Said Durham: "I thought Quarry would put up a much stronger fight, and I don't think he fought too smart a fight, either." He insisted Frazier would handle Ali much differently. "We're going to go after him. We won't let him run around the ring. We'll make him run."

Ali, eschewing his usual predictions, poetry and nonsense before a bout that made the TV and ancillary rights perhaps the richest of any sporting event, did not altogether forsake his penchant for mysticism. On the day of the fight he drew a picture. It portrayed Quarry in the ring, yellow hair braiding and stars surrounding his head while the referee shouted, "Stop. Ali, it's all over. Go to your corner now." In an aside was Governor Lester Maddox, and he was beseeching anyone who would listen: "Stop the fight. Stop it."

Ali's trainer, Angelo Dundee, also contributed his own prediction. Before putting the gloves on Ali, he wrote "third round" inside of them. Afterward Dundee said, "He was so close to being the Ali of 1½ years ago that it was scary."

In one sense the light was indecisive, simply because of our uncertainty that Ali could go any distance. The quick appraisal that can be made—and that only because we have not seen him for so long—is that he does not seem to be pulling his head back as quickly as he used to. A much maligned move in his early days, this is one of the most vital aspects of his defense. Quarry did reach him on occasion, but was never in proper balance to be effective. Excepting this flaw, all else about Ali seemed to be intact—the rocking job, the beautiful combinations and his general ring intelligence. It was more than most of the crowd, which comprised some of the most bawdy people ever seen at a fight, had expected. From every corner of the country and the world they came, in brilliant plumage, the most startling assembly of black power and black money ever displayed.

Occasional eruptions from Governor Lester Maddox and a modest peep from the woman commander of the American Legion amounted to the only hostility in Atlanta, a city about which it is often said, "There's nothing wrong with it except that it's surrounded by Georgia."



His cut treated but still oozing blood, a dejected Quarry bows to the inevitable decision.

Despite the relative tranquillity embracing the fight, city officials, Ali himself and many blacks remained apprehensive. At the house of State Senator Leroy Johnson, where Ali was staying, visitors were greeted by men wearing guns. In the city every available policeman was assigned to duty.

Ali and Quarry generally did their best to soothe anxieties and lower temperatures. Conduct in the two camps was unimpeachable, indeed almost convivial. The whole Quarry clan, Okie in origin, its distrust seeping from the restlessness that has shaped its life, was in town most of the week. One afternoon, while Muhammad worked, there were nine Quarrys sitting grimly and stolidly in a row, reminiscent of some contemporary version of the Grant Wood painting *American Gothic*. When Muhammad finished in the ring, Quarry's mother—a strong yet gentle woman—and his grandmother walked over to the ring and spoke a few words to Ali. Muhammad took the mother's hand and said, "You can't be Jerry's mama, you too young. I don't believe it." The comment reflected a certain genuine softness that is often noticeable in Muhammad, and it certainly corresponded with his mood in the days before the fight, most of which he spent in meditation, seemingly hypnotized by the flickering light of the boxing films he had projected on a torn sheet tacked to his living room wall.

While watching the movies, he fantasized in his small lakeside cottage about what the night of the fight would be like, how he would look, how jolted the world would be. "I want to shock people, blind 'em," he said.

On the night itself, if he was not shocking, he was certainly astonishing. Would he fight Frazier quickly, he was then asked, or would he need another bout? "I don't know—if he's ready, I'm ready," said Ali, appearing more fatigued and nervous than usual. He was talking of the bout for which the bidding is already up to \$2 million.

Most observers clearly approached this fight with wariness, uncertain as to whether they would see the reemergence of the strangest and most lurid comet in sport or the sad, last splutter of its disappearing tail. What they did see was an artist, bringing honor to his craft. **END**

Catching Quarry moving in, Ali along the short right that marked the beginning of the end.



THEY DON'T PLAY NO MULLETS DOWN THERE

All right, football fans, let's knock off the chatter about Ohio State and Notre Dame—yeah, and about Texas—and let's wander out into small-college territory, to places like Wittenberg and Westminster, to North Dakota State and Texas A&I and Tampa. If you have never been there to see *that* game played, you have tasted the frosting but neglected the cake. And don't let all that small talk fool you. Nobody ever said a diamond wasn't worth looking at unless it weighed 10 karats. There are splendid little gems around that have never had the exposure of television.

You've heard of Jim Plunkett, Archie Manning, Rex Kern? Go down to Abilene, Texas sometime and catch Jim Lindsey, the nation's alltime total-offense leader. Not small college, not big college—all college. Plunkett may be offense champion of the bigs, but Lindsey is a God-fearing riverboat gambler, and you don't find that kind everywhere. That is, he is a reverent man in a reverent school—Abilene Christian—but he tends to forget the Sermon on the Mount when he goes into battle. Like Saturday night, as he passed for three touchdowns against the percentage players of Arkansas State, the AP's very top small school, No. 1 in the NCAA College Division.

Well, forget the polls and rankings for a moment. First come on into a small school and wander around a bit, sniff the air, linger with the people.

Texas A&I is an uncut beauty found far south of Abilene. It is in Kingsville, near the Gulf Coast, and on its flat campus there is a working oil well. The town counts 31,000 citizens, plus almost as many palm, mesquite, banana and orange trees. This jewel of a school has been a maxi-power in the mini NAIA since winning its first national championship in 1959. It has won so many games since then (94) that Coach Gil Steinke is starting to worry that his Jave-

Small-college football has its own big time, like Arkansas (State) and Texas (A&I). As for tiny Wittenberg, it only asks: Who are these

Buckeyes?

by PAT PUTNAM

linas are becoming something of a bore.

"You're never really happy when you win all the time," says Steinke. "You appreciate it more when it's something different. You get a bit more picky-ish about how you win."

Steinke watched glumly as his defending NAIA champions opened with a sluggish 23-0 victory over Trinity. Unimpressed, Dennis B. Ford, dean of the School of Business Administration, leveled on some players in one of his classes. "What's wrong with you guys," he said, "you looked sloppy. If you keep playing like that you won't win it all again this season." One player was Karl Douglas, who passed for 305 yards and three touchdowns in last year's 32-7 victory over Concordia in the NAIA championship game. Douglas had to struggle to keep from leveling back.

With Douglas sidelined temporarily with an injured finger, Texas A&I beat Stephen F. Austin 14-13, and then things, with the help of a little glue and a rubber band, began to perk up. Douglas' problem was that he couldn't straighten the last joint of his index finger, which meant he couldn't take a snap from center. Steinke solved that by gluing a rubber band to the fingernail and then stretching the band back over the wrist. After that the Javelinas beat East Texas State 43-28—they were trailing 21-0 when Douglas finally got into the game—and then Sul Ross State 27-0. Came last Saturday and a 38-21 loss to Angelo State and Steinke didn't have to worry

any longer about the team pumping, pumping victories. "Like I always said," mused Co-Captain Jim Brown, "the Lone Star Conference is plenty tough. We don't play no mullets."

There is a formula for winning in small-college football, and Steinke follows it faithfully. For one thing you recruit from the smaller, less-successful high schools. "You go to a school that won the state championship and, shoot, there'll be 10 million scouts running around and only two or three players good enough for college," says Steinke. Instead, Steinke spends his time searching for the one good athlete on a team with an 0-10 or 1-9 record.

And, as many small-college coaches have discovered, it doesn't take that many good athletes to be outstanding. Success follows the coach who finds enough top athletes to play quarterback, wide receiver and defensive back and enough average players to fill in the gaps.

"And you have to be lucky," said Steinke. "You get the right bounce and that's it. I always wait for it."

Take the case of Karl Douglas, who is in the process of wiping out all of Randy Johnson's records at Texas A&I. Both Houston and Oklahoma State, which travel by plane, were after the 6' 2", 210-pound Douglas. So were the top black colleges. As a recruiting contest, it wasn't hard to pick an underdog. Texas A&I travels by bus.

"But Houston came to me," Douglas reflects, "and said: Can you catch? I said yes. They said: Are you fast? I said yes. They said: Can you play defensive back? And I said yes, but I'm a quarterback. They said they'd evaluate that when I got there. I said I wasn't going."

continues...

Superstar Quarterback Jim Lindsey of Abilene Christian was not quite miraculous enough to beat Arkansas State's Calvin Harrell & Co.



Then Oklahoma State came to my house and said they just recruited by talent, not by position. By that time I had heard that so much I helped them out the door. I just wanted a chance. And if the only chance I got was in small-college football, then that was what I'd take."

So while Douglas may be pretty big, Texas A&I is pretty small, although *all* small-college football is not played by little colleges. Southern Illinois plays small-college football but has an enrollment of 21,000. And major college football is not played only by large schools Dartmouth, with an enrollment of only 3,000, plays in the NCAA University Division, even as Michigan and Ohio State—and is just as undefeated.

All this is slightly less complicated than it might seem to be. In the NCAA the strength of a team's schedule determines its classification. To be considered major, a school must play most of its games against major schools. Any team that is not major is placed in a college division. The NCAA has two of these, I and II, and again the distinction depends upon strength of schedule. Then there is the NAIA—mini-minor, if you like—and it has two divisions as well.

The real fun comes in the weekly polls. Before last Saturday's games Tampa was No. 1 in the UPI NCAA college poll, Arkansas State No. 1 in the AP poll, Texas A&I was No. 1 in the NAIA Division I ratings and Westminster of Pennsylvania was No. 1 in Division II. Which makes four times as many people who are ranked No. 2 unhappy. Like North Dakota State. Like Montana.

But none of this bothers Wittenberg, a delightfully small Lutheran school located less than a mile from downtown Springfield, Ohio—and 45 miles west of Ohio State—which has become accustomed to going unbeaten and often unranked in the top five. When you are 126 years old and have won 109 of your last 133 games you do not need a poll to confirm that you are good. The 109th victory came last Saturday, 21-14 over Baldwin-Wallace, making it six straight for Wittenberg this year and just about wrapping up another Ohio Conference championship, which is not bad for a school with just 2,342 students.

Just as the fans at Texas A&I have



Texas A&I's Douglas, operating against Angelo State, wanted to be quarterback or nothing.



Westminster's Roger Price reaches back for a touchdown catch in win over Heidelberg

come to expect victory, so have the people at Wittenberg. Last year—Dave Maurer's first as head coach—the team went 11-0 and won its eighth conference championship in the last 13 years. And Wittenberg is not a mini-football factory. Scholarships go only to students who need the help.

"Our winning shouldn't shock anyone," said Maurer, a former quarterback star at Denison. "In a small school they want to win just as much as at a big one. And football is the same game, big or small school."

But there certainly is a difference.

"Sure," said Maurer. "Kids can have a lot of fun here, and that sometimes gets lost in big-time football."

It does not get lost at Westminster College—the one in New Wilmington, Pa.—another of the little-little giants. Westminster is now five games into what could be Dr. Harold E. Burry's fifth unbeaten season. On Saturday Westminster beat Heidelberg 40-20, with Quarterback Dave Bierback throwing three touchdown passes to Roger Price and then running five yards for one of his own. Besides Bierback and Price, there are 1,548 kids in the student body, a group barely outnumbering the redshirts in the SEC.

At the other end of the small-college spectrum are powers like Tampa, Hawaii and Drake, which are moving toward major college status at full bore and beating almost everybody en route.

Now 4-1 after losing to UC Santa Barbara 22-20 Saturday, the Hawaiian Rainbows have upped their scholarship quota from 33 in 1968 to 55 this year and expect to raise that to 75 by 1972. "Of course, we have no delusions of grandeur," says Dick Fishback, the university's sports information director. "We'll have to get to the 100-scholarships-and-over bracket in order to compete evenly with some of our future opponents."

Meanwhile unbeaten Tampa got some national limelight two weeks ago when it rocked Miami 31-14. Last Saturday Tampa ran its current streak to six by beating Xavier 33-10. "If people want big-time football then that's what we'll give them," said Coach Fran Curci. "But they'll have to start filling the stands."

With only 65 scholarships to work with, Curci's job has not been easy; the SEC had a limit of 125. Says Curci: "Coaching. I tell you, is tough as hell."

He might find it even tougher if he played Tennessee State, leader among predominantly black schools. This was not always true. Seven years ago Tennessee State's president, W. S. Davis, decided he was less than happy with the school's recent record of 1-7-1. He fired the coaching staff and hired John Merritt. "It's no secret that football has collapsed around here," said Davis then. "My goal is to reestablish football excellence."

President Davis got all he wished for and more. Under Merritt the Tigers (backed by an enrollment of only 4,500) have won two mythical national black

continued



Small did not mean plain among boosters of Idaho, Texas A&M and Western Kentucky.





championships. Despite many handicaps, Merritt has built what he freely admits is a football factory.

A hurly, flamboyant man, leaning heavily toward flashy rings, wide ties on colored shirts and dark glasses over an El Producto cigar, Merritt currently lists 14 of his former players on professional rosters. But, he says, things are getting tougher. He points out that not only are many black athletes going to predominantly white schools, integration involving many black high school coaches their jobs. When schools integrate, he says, whites are chosen as head coaches, and they in turn point their black stars toward white schools. He also turns a nuanced eye toward his own school's stiff academic requirements.

"We've got to play schools that have athletes who couldn't get into our place," he says. "I had two great kids coming here, but they couldn't make it academically. Now, they're the starting tackles at a Big Ten school."

Despite the handicaps, Merritt has succeeded with a recruiting technique that harkens from both the hard and the soft sell. "I drive a Cadillac but not simply because I can afford it or because I like it," he says. "I drive it because it is important to present a good appearance. A boy who lives on a dirt floor is bound to be impressed by a man who drives a Cadillac and dresses well. But I never give a boy a false promise. I tell it like it is."

Most of Merritt's players come from families with incomes of less than \$4,000 a year, and Merritt knows well the uses of adversity. "It's the old story about the rabbit. A boy releases a rabbit, and they pass a squirrel in a tree. 'Are you gonna make it?' the squirrel asks the rabbit. 'Man,' says the rabbit, 'I got to make it.' It's that way with Negroes."

And Tennessee State is making it. After beating Florida A&M 21-10 Saturday the Tigers are now 6-0, and a third national championship is within sight.

As the mini-giants are bound to do every so often, two of them, Arkansas State and Abilene Christian, with its ace quarterback, Jim Lindsey, met head-on Saturday. It may have lacked

the prestige of Texas vs. Arkansas, but not much else was missing.

Abilene Christian is associated with the Church of Christ. There is a ban on smoking, drinking and dancing and there go a lot of fine football prospects. Each day the 3,000 students spend 25 minutes in chapel, praying and meditating. Coed skirts are allowed to go no higher than four inches above the knee.

You could search a long time before finding a less likely place to produce the nation's college offensive leader. But there he is, Jim Lindsey, a 5'11", 185-pound towhead once rejected by Baylor because they thought he was too slow. "I went around to a lot of big schools," he said, "and I saw all the drinking and smoking going on in the dorms. Well, first off, I figured it wasn't going to help make a great football team. And I just didn't want to get with that whole animal image. I'm a member of the Church of Christ. I like to go to church every time the doors open. I feel God gave me all that I have. I feel grateful for what happens to me."

Through five victories and a loss going into Saturday's game what had happened to Lindsey in 1970 were 117 completions in 213 passes, 1,635 yards and 16 touchdowns. Through four seasons so far, he has passed for 7,863 yards.

"One thing that has helped me," says Lindsey, "is reading the Bible. I like to read about Christ. They spit on Him, beat on Him, but He still kept his cool. Guys call me dirty names, tell me they are going to break me in two. If I worry about it, I'm not going to be worth a darn."

At breakfast on Saturday morning Bill Davidson, the Arkansas State offensive coach, thought about facing Lindsey, and then he thought about the injustice of the rules of the Church of Christ. "They can't drink, they can't smoke, they can't dance," he said. "Why did they stop there? Why didn't they put in a rule against quarterbacks?"

But Davidson smiled. He knew that Benne Ellender, the low-keyed intellectual who teaches football at Arkansas State, would be going into the game with some potent commandments of his own. A percentage man all the way, Ellender is a professor who analyzes every variable and then plays the most put hand. He has none of the usual qualms about being voted No. 1. "In fact, I kind of like the idea," he says.

Arkansas State is a terrible base

team: big and slow and very strong. Its long rushing game this season is 30 yards. Ellender likes to run his fullback, Calvin Harrell 40 times a game. It's slug, slug and slug, and so far not one of State's first six opponents have out-slugged the Indians. And they are highly annoyed by any lack of recognition, especially from within the state.

"All this state knows is Razorbacks," said Coach Bill Phillips.

"Shoot," said Harrell. "They'll hear about us in Alaska before they hear about us in Arkansas."

"Yeah, we'd sure love to play those Razorbacks," said Defensive Tackle Chris Millwee. "As far as most people are concerned, we're ugly stepisters."

And so, angry as usual, Arkansas State took it out on Abilene Christian 28-23 as Lindsey ran out of miracles. Still, he completed 33 of 63 for 414 yards and three touchdowns, all of them scoring throws to Ronnie Vanson. Harrell played with a limp, but well enough to run 27 times for 106 yards and one touchdown. And his running runs bunched Abilene Christian's defense enough to turn the rest of the attack loose. And that's how Ohio State got to be No. 1 while playing with the big boys.

ENR

Practice over, Willenberg goes off field



Western Kentuckians wave to claim a fumble recovery in muddy win over arch foe Eastern Kentucky, while Portland State's Tom Van Dusen, a top passer, throws in loss to Idaho

BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TO BOB

*The beleaguered owner of the Washington Senators has a thing about attorney
petrels. He expects them to get him out of trouble* by ROY BLOUNT JR.

Robert Short, hard-pressed but irrepresable trucker, hotelier, owner of the professedly all-but-bankrupt Washington Senators and recent acquirer of officially bankrupt Organist-Pitcher Denny McLain, was in New York last weekend. Short was trying to sign Curt Flood, the unemployed outfielder who is suing Short (along with all the other major league owners) for \$1 million and who flew in from Copenhagen where he had been trying to establish residency so he could get a liquor license and open a discotheque. Flood's attorney in his suit against baseball's reserve clause is Arthur Goldberg, with whom Short should be able to deal because Short is a big Democrat himself—in fact, he once ran the party into a \$6 million debt. But the weekend negotiations were complicated by the fact that Goldberg was busy running for governor of New

York. Short would be running for governor of Minnesota if it were up to Duluth, Mann pizza and chow mein tycoon Jeno Paulucci, who, incidentally, was supposed to help Short buy the Senators two years ago but got cold feet.

No wonder some of the more conventional people in baseball complained that Short had ruined their World Series for them. Just as they were settling in to watch such solid investments as Johnny Bench and Brooks Robinson play sound, lucrative ball, along came Short with a series of confounding announcements. He was going after the rebellious Flood, he had traded the left side of his infield and two pitchers for the scandalous McLain and three throw-ins, and if the Federal Government did not give him a better lease on Robert F. Kennedy Stadium, he said, he would be totally unable to keep the national

pastime afloat in the national capital.

"Two balmy bankrupts," wrote a Mr. Bob Sellers in a letter to the editor of the *Washington Post*, "now conjoin to drive the last stake into Senator ticket buyers. It is now starkly apparent that there is a curse upon this city. . . . One can only envision with passionate relish Mr. Short, Mr. McLain and Frank Howard picnicking in the outfield as 34 teen-agers (who have paid \$12.50 each on garter-belt night) cheer them on." (The Senators do have party-hose nights and ticket prices are the highest in baseball—\$2.25 general admission, which "is cheaper," Short says, "than the movies.")

Even Short's manager, Ted Williams, was disgruntled. It was two years ago that Short, having just bought the Senators, amazed the baseball world favorably by signing Williams, who had apparently permanently abandoned the game for goin' fishin' and had declined even to return Short's telephone calls until Short tricked him by leaving American League President Joe Cronin's name and his own phone number. The '69 Senators finished over .500, their attendance increased to nearly 900,000 from just over 500,000 the year before, Williams was Manager of the Year—and Short lost \$600,000. This year the Senators subsided to last place and Short declared a loss of \$1 million. Williams did not attend this year's Series, but he conveyed



Curt Flood stirred a storm with Lawyer Arthur Goldberg over baseball's reserve clause. Denny McLain, meeting President, was the calm before

the impression that the McLain trade almost ruined his salmon trip to Canada.

The trade was Aurelio Rodriguez, Eddie Brinkman, Joe Coleman and Jim Hannan to the Tigers for McLain, Don Wert, Elliott Maddox and Norm McRae. Williams wanted McLain, Maddox and McRae and did not mind losing Coleman, a potential 20-game winner who, Short says, "has a father-figure problem" with Williams. But Rodriguez is a 22-year-old third baseman of tremendous defensive gifts who became a home-run hitter under Williams. Brinkman was an obscure good-field-no-hit shortstop until 1959, when Williams' coaching raised his batting average some 80 points. Understandably, Williams had taken both of them to his heart.

"When we sent Ken McMullen to the Angels for Rick Reichardt and Rodriguez," Williams grumbled to his friend Bud Leavitt of Maine, "Short, a terrific man, didn't want to make the deal. I did. He said, 'Go ahead, but you gotta live with it.' I slammed down the phone and made the deal. Well, the way it turned out, I called it the best deal of the year in the league."

"The other day Short called me and said, 'We can get Denny McLain.' I said O.K., but for who. He said Detroit wanted Rodriguez and Brinkman and I said hell, no. He said, 'You made one last summer....'"

"Any way you cut it, I lost the next best third baseman to Brooksie Robinson and I hated terribly to lose that little guy Brinkman, he's an all-out ballplayer. Short could be right and I could be wrong, but I still don't think it was a good deal for our club. Yeah, he's trying to get Flood, I'll take Flood, but I don't wish to give away Frank Howard, Mike Epstein and the Washington Monument. I got to get to Washington in a hurry and put a choke chain on that man, he's too damn enthusiastic...."

David Eisenhower worked for the Senators this past summer as a statistician. When someone from Short's office called David to see if he'd like to go to the Series, says Short, "Julie answered the phone and said, 'Gee, David sure is disappointed about that trade.' You know what that means—the old man's disappointed about the trade. What can I say? There is no way you can justify that trade to a baseball man."

Obviously Short considers himself more than just a baseball man. He is a



Bob Short, in New York dealing for Flood, could still smile despite big Washington losses.

baseball man who says he is in danger of going broke, for one thing, and also a baseball man who says, "I kind of like stormy petrels." Short has known lean times in sports before, he has dealt with at least his share of stormy petrels and, what is more, he has learned the value of a big name to a failing franchise. He was in the trucking business in his home town, Minneapolis, dealing with no one any more difficult than Jimmy Hoffa (of whom he retains a high opinion), when the plight of the Lakers stirred him to get together 117 civic-minded Minneapoltians and buy the team. His own initial investment was only \$5,000, but over the next few years he bought up most of the other shares at 10¢ on the dollar, eventually paying back the other 90¢ although, he says, he was not obligated to. He also sold one of his stars in order to raise payroll money, presented Ingemar Johansson—singing, not boxing—as a spectacularly unsuccessful half-time gate attraction and moved the team to Los Angeles. North-

ing improved the Lakers' credit until he signed Elgin Baylor.

As the worst team in professional basketball hands down, the Lakers had first draft choice in 1958, but Baylor had another year of college eligibility left and he had announced he wanted to stay in school. Short flew to "a cold-water flat" in southeast Washington and talked to Flynn and his mother and his father and his sister and his girl friend Ruby, who is now married to Baylor. He got nowhere. Baylor returned to college in Seattle, and Short pursued him there. He finally got his man. Seven years later, in 1965, Short sold the Lakers to Jack Kent Cooke for the astounding sum of \$5,175,000, at the time the highest price ever paid for a basketball franchise.

"I didn't want to sell," Short says, "but when the price got so high Walter O'Malley said, 'Hell, take it, you can get into baseball for that.' I'd always liked baseball best, and it looked like the Senators might be available for about that much then, so I took it. But I had

continued

to wait until 1968 before I could buy the Senators and by then they cost \$9.4 million." And when Paulucci backed out at the last minute, Short had to borrow a lot of money at high interest.

"If something is a good thing," Short observes, "it probably wouldn't come down to me. My name's not Rockefeller—these other characters get the good things. The Lakers were bad, that's why I got them. The same with my hotels and the Senators. Some of them are bad now, but all of them have been good at some point or another under my management. This is not a healthy period for any of my businesses, and if things keep going the way they are I could lose all of them. But I didn't have anything to start with. You can only eat three times a day, drive a car and dress, and you're here a shorter time than most people plan on."

Short is not so fatalistic, however, that he has failed to come up with a few ideas for saving the Senators, at least, from ruin. Fortunately he is no stranger to politics. In 1966 he ran, unsuccessfully, as the Democratic-Farmer-Labor candidate for lieutenant governor of Minnesota, and this year he was considered by his friend Paulucci to have an outside shot at the gubernatorial nomination. ("Not really," Short says now. "I didn't have a chance in the first place.") He has known Hubert Humphrey since their college days and ran

Humphrey's vice-presidential campaign in 1968. In '68 he was prevailed upon to become the party's national treasurer. "I raised the money they needed," he recalls, "and I declared every bit of it, much to the consternation of the Democrats. After the election everybody was talking about how hard it was going to be to pay off the \$6 million debt. I said, 'Forget it. Think how hard it was to legally borrow that much.' It was a pretty good trick."

Short also did some work for Lyndon Johnson, serving as chairman of Discover America, Inc., a see-America-first tourism effort. And now he has Richard Nixon on the cover of the Senators' program as the team's "No. 1 Fan." "He gives me advice from time to time on trades," says Short. "But I wouldn't say the McLain trade was his."

All those associations will do Short no harm in his campaign to negotiate a new lease and a new landlord for the Senators. He has been before a congressional committee asking that he, like the owner of the Milwaukee Brewers, pay only \$1 rent for the first million in attendance (Short paid \$149,000 this year), that he get all the proceeds from concessions and parking, and that he not have to pay for stadium police and ground crew. Altogether he figures he was deprived this year of \$700,000 that most owners (certainly those owners who have been lured into expansion cities by

juicy deals) would have received or would not have had to pay. He also wants control of the stadium shifted from the District of Columbia Armory Board to the Department of Interior, so that the federal taxpayers, rather than Short and the District (which has forked over \$400,000 in interest on the stadium bonds each year), can pick up the deficit.

"A stadium," Short says, "if not quite like a courthouse or a public school, still is something the public is going to have to subsidize. Cities are in the business of attracting people." A baseball team, if its owner knows his legal footing, can provide a capitalist with a great little subsidy, since the player-contract depreciation writeoff can free an owner, for five years after he buys the club, from paying taxes on his other businesses. But Short's other businesses are in the red, too, he says, so tax loopholes do him no good. He has had to pay the \$1.6 million losses of the last two years out of his pocket. "That's when you start taking money from your wife, or something," he says.

Short would also like to see \$2 million in improvements made on the interior of the stadium. "There's no gas in it. You have to have gas to serve hot dogs. One of my problems is cold hot dogs. There's not enough refrigeration. One of my problems is warm beer. There should be a plush restaurant—we had the Prince of Wales and had to buy him a cold hot dog from the booth!"

The Senators' TV-radio contract for the past year was the poorest in baseball, says Short—\$325,000 as opposed to the Dodgers' \$1,750,000, for example. "Even Seattle was getting \$800,000," he says, "and it went broke. The Orioles get \$800,000. I told Hoffberger [the Baltimore owner], if I had your team I'd make \$2 million."

Lacking any Orioles, he does have Howard and McLain and maybe Flood. Perhaps they will do for the Senators what Baylor did for the Lakers, or maybe they will just be stormy petrels. "Flood is not a hard-to-handle player," says Short. "As far as the legal issue goes, he's made his point, the case has been heard and the appeal courts won't go into additional facts now, such as his signing a contract with me. I went after Flood because I thought, 'Here's a player who can hit, and he's not playing. I see a lot of players who are playing and can't hit.'"



The one who got away: slick-fielding Aurelio Rodriguez, blossomed as a hitter under Williams.

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But how about McLain? "As a lawyer I prosecuted people in my day," says Short, "and even though after a long prosecution a man is acquitted, you'll find it takes him a long time to resume normal life. He has all kinds of emotional hang-ups. But the kid can come back because America loves an underdog."

"I told McLain I'd paid a hell of a price to get him, I had my reputation on the line for him. He said, 'I'll do anything to prove to you and the world that I know my business.'"

Short has been coveting McLain ever since Denny played the organ at a Minnesota banquet in Short's Lexington Hotel. He says he was not about to let the man he considers "the premier pitcher in all baseball" get away from him. "I learned my lesson with Hot Rod Hundley on the Lakers," he says. "I fined him \$1,000, 10% of his salary, for partying and running around, and now that I look back at it I wish I'd let him be a natural Hundley, because I sure wasn't going to change him."

"Williams and I will try to give McLain more guidance than he got at Detroit, but I don't want to remake McLain. I didn't hire him as a priest. He may throw water on sportswriters to relax, the way somebody else sits there drinking beer. I want to get away from the whole concept of mediocrity on the Senators. When people in Washington talk about pitching they have to go back to Walter Johnson."

Will Williams and McLain get along? "I think Williams and McLain have more in common than Williams and anybody else—Williams' comment when he heard about the water-throwing incident was 'Jeez, I wish I'd thought of that.'"

Will relations between Short and Williams be strained? "Not any more than they were before the trade," says Short. "We are both easier to work with when we're winning. Last year we lost, what, 33 one-run games? I have to stay around Ted to keep reminding him how wonderful it was of me to get him back into this horse-manure business."

Williams, after all, has an option to buy 10% of the club at the price Short paid for it, and somehow in spite of all that impending bankruptcy Short has been able to sell 10% back to James Lemon—one of the men he bought the team from—at a nice paper profit. The whole business is all too confusing for anyone but a stormy petrel.

END

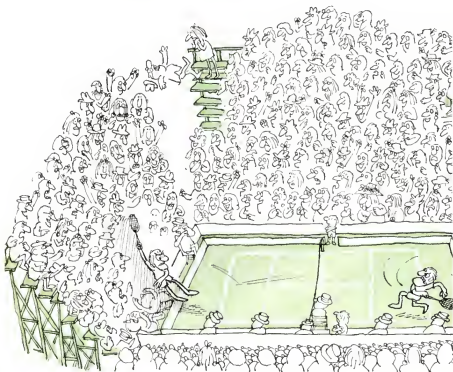
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BLOODTHIRSTY TENNIS, ANYONE?

And in this corner stands the author, an expert in his own right as 10-time winner of the U.S. Table Tennis championships, who may have played his last match. He fully expects to be the hangee at a popular public lynching in Forest Hills for his alambeng attack on the rules and morss of traditional tennis by **DICK MILES**





This will be a stump speech on what's wrong with tennis—tennis as a spectator sport—and it will offer some outlandish suggestions on how the game could be changed to make it more exciting.

Knocking cherished tennis is no way to make friends. Fact is, you may someday see my body dangling from a flagpole atop the stadium at Forest Hills, hoisted there by the fuzz of the USLTA, who for decades have kept the sport in a swanky jail, fuzz who have not been on the ball, you might say. But speak I must.

First, credentials. As a tennis critic mine, I admit, are slim; my backhand is nonexistent and my overhead is worse, but for 25 years now, each September, I've been subway shuttling between Manhattan and Forest Hills for the U.S. championships. That at least makes me a fan. To that add this: I've had more experience than I'd like to admit—international competitive experience—in a sport less distantly related to tennis than you might think—table tennis.

And that brings me to my first outlandish suggestion, to wit: if big, brawny tennis wants to become a major spectator sport in America—and I think it can—it could profitably borrow some ideas from its pee-wee relative, table tennis, which is the sports equivalent of having your friend at Chase Manhattan apply to you for a loan.

What ideas can tennis borrow? Specifics later. Let's first talk about the sport itself.

Take, for example, the recent U.S. Open at Forest Hills. As usual the tennis was beautiful. Tennis will always be beautiful at Forest Hills. There's the sunshine; the cleaner suburban air; the West Side Tennis Club itself, with its Tudor-style clubhouse, its fresh-smelling grass courts, its walks hallowed by the sneakered feet of the Tildens and Kramers, its garden cafés colorfully canopied and, finally, its illustrious, steep-tiered stadium, which on finals day compresses a crowd of 14,000 to a quivering mass, gorgeously multicolored and splendid.

Yes, grace abounds at Forest Hills, and much of it is provided by the players themselves. For what sport more

continued



impinges on the dance than tennis? Why, the first requirement for excellence in the game, ball control—from blazing ace to tender lob—depends on a fluidity and precision of movement that is ravishing. So much so that the strongest impression the crowd carries away is that of having seen fine artists at work. Thus the esthetics of tennis—the ritual of gliding motion and the gracious country-club ambience—superimpose themselves on the action and come to be valued almost equally with the sport's competitive elements. One "attends" the matches at Forest Hills, just as one attends the ballet.

Oh, yes, tennis is beautiful at Forest Hills. Too beautiful.

For consider the guy in Sandusky who decides to watch the finals on TV. What does he see? His vision is not reinforced by the odor of turf, the feel of sun, the tradition, the totality that is Forest Hills tennis. And I suggest, moreover, that even if through some magic TV screen he could be "put there," I suggest he would choose to be at Forest Hills only slightly more often than he would choose the ballet over boxing. For what that fan in search of a sport is hoping for is to see two men struggle, go through an ordeal, perhaps even draw a bit of blood and in so doing give him, the spectator, the vicarious kick in the guts he wants.

But how quickly his hopes sink. For as soon as play begins he sees that the two men, so formidable looking when they took the court, are now, far from going through an ordeal, actually enjoying themselves. Oh, they're out to win—their money at stake—but our fan feels intuitively, and correctly, that even without the money they would still be there and trying just as hard. No, tennis is not for the combative sports fan. Not raw tennis, anyway, tennis stripped of its elegant trappings by our "imperfect" television. For to him it doesn't seem likely that tennis will produce thrills or unbearable tensions. Why not? Because the spices contention to all great spectator sports are missing. And so I now outrageously suggest that tennis would be a far better sport if it added these spices:

- 2 pinches of combat (personal)
- a dash of risk (illusory)
- 4 sprigs of hardship (physical)
- Mix thoroughly. Let stand. Drain off excess fluids.
- (Relax, relax, When I talk of adding

risk I'm not proposing that the court be sown with land mines. There are other ways. Stage effects. Illusions. The way we do it in table tennis.)

To cases now. The first thing tennis needs is a new stage design for its matches. The stage I propose, radically different but easily accomplished, would add a new atmosphere of drama to a tennis match. And for TV, where raw tennis now fails, this is vital.

At present, as I see it, the contestants are moving on a playing area much too large and much too vaguely defined. By playing area I do not mean the court. I'm talking about the area around the court. Look at Forest Hills. There the stadium's center court has a runback of some 30 feet behind the baselines and open ground of some 50 feet on either sideline. The stadium's inner wall intercepts the space behind the court; on the sides box seats form the boundaries. The boundaries thus are background boundaries.

This is poor staging. The effect of this vast vacant space surrounding the players—space that is never used and, worse, space that looks as though it never will be used—is that most of the dynamic energy omitted by the contest is dissipated in air. The shock and thrust is simply not contained. The players are fighting, yet they do not seem to be. There is an illusion that the players can drift freely in space, that they are not locked in head to head. Indeed, it seems possible that, should one of the players quail, he could scurry away without hindrance to the safety of the clubhouse. What's to stop him?

So I say, "Shut the gate."

This is the first idea that tennis must borrow from table tennis. Barriers must be placed around the court. They should be about two feet high, slightly higher than the knees for most players, and they must be opaque (why I'll show later) even though this will mean that 4% of the fans will miss 2% of the footwork.

To create the illusion I want, the exact placing of these barriers is critical. The players should have as much space at sides and rear as they normally need but not more. Moreover, on rare occasions the barriers should almost prevent—and on rarer occasions actually prevent—the player from making his shot.

(Did you say "crazy"? Patience.)

With barriers the drama is immediately heightened. The players are now inescapably locked in with each other, by turns fighting with their backs to the wall, threatening at times to hurt right through it. Their space has been carefully allotted; the barriers become the ring ropes.

Do you doubt that the illusion of combat is intensified by enclosing the participants? If so, visualize a Frazer-Alfi fight held not in a ring but on a basketball floor. An interesting brawl, yes, but the dynamic tensions of a proefight, never. And the same goes for tennis. The difference between today's tennis and tennis within a barriered court is the difference between a firecracker exploding on open ground and exploding under a tin can.

We've added the combat, now let's add the risk. Don't search the shelf, it's already here, again, the barriers.

Question: What is baseball's most thrilling play? Answer: The outfielder's leap against the wall, which at the last instant turns a home run into an out. Watching a fielder risk broken bones, we are acutely aware that to him nothing matters but the catch. He must make it. And while we admire his artistry, we are awed by his courage. We've all admired the artists at Forest Hills, but when was the last time one owed you?

Tennis has no equivalent of this catch against the wall. Table tennis has. In fact the barriers around the table are the single most important stage prop from which the game gets its special gutsy look. These barriers are usually made of thin panels of wood and constructed in five-foot sections so that if a player should actually run into one only that section topples, not the entire enclosure. Great table-tennis players are artists, too, just as great tennis players are—but, confronting each other in a closed space, they don't look quite as artsy.

Sure, I have occasionally seen table-tennis players finish a match with skinned shirts; I have even seen them somersault right over a barrier (sensational) and still return a smash, just as an outfielder might end up in the seats yet still be clutching the ball. But these collisions are rare. The barriers confine the players; they do not cramp them. It is the illusion of risk that's important, illusion created by the proximity of danger. To appreciate the effect of the illusion, consider this parallel: suppose polevaul-

continued

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A man starts every day the same way. Sleepy. And you just can't expect a flowery after shave to wake you up.

But Old Spice After Shave is different. Instead of flowers, Old Spice gives you the freshness of the open sea. A hint of rolling surf. And just a touch of the trade winds.

We think flowers should smell like flowers. And men should smell like men.

So tomorrow morning wake up to the freshness of the open sea with Old Spice.

Old Spice

HOW TO MAKE OR BREAK A DAIQUIRI.

The Daiquiri.

Such a treat for the tongue when it is well made. Such a syrupy flop when it isn't. Because it takes more than good intentions to make a good Daiquiri.

Some rums, you see, are much too heavy and syrupy for the Daiquiri.

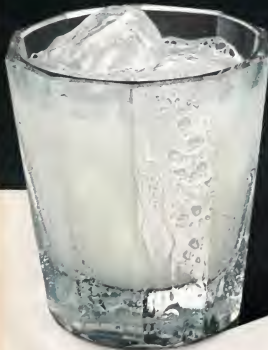
Puerto Rican Rums, on the other hand, are light and clear and dry. And, because they are aged and charcoal filtered for smoothness, they impart a mellow flavor to the Daiquiri.

Yet even these fine rums must be mixed in the correct proportions to make a perfect Daiquiri: to 1½ oz. of White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum, add ½ oz. lime juice and 1 scant teaspoon of sugar (or ½ oz. of Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix). Shake with ice. Or serve on the rocks with a little extra rum. (Which is the way most men like their Daiquiris.)

Remember, though. All Daiquiris are created equal in proportion.

But when it comes to the rum you put in them, some Daiquiris are more equal than others.

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ing substituted for its fragilely balanced but solid-looking crossbar a fine black thread invisible to the crowd. The illusion of risk immediately vanishes. No gasps will be heard as the vaulter narrowly skims over the bar. Air is no hazard. And that's why I mist on opaque rather than see-through barriers, such as netting, for our tennis court. The risk must at least look real.

Finally, there are two other desirable effects of barriers. First, tennis would look bigger, not smaller, as you might guess. Doesn't a painting look larger after being framed? Second, the ball will seem to be moving faster, just as a ball thrown across a room seems more lethal than a ball thrown outdoors.

Now let's consider another aspect of the overall staging. The position of the audience itself. Spectator seating, I say, must begin 2½ feet behind the court barriers and on all four sides. The crowd must sit behind a barrier of its own, slightly higher than the court barriers. The two barriers thus create a narrow aisle between the crowd and players. Actually, in terms of drama I would prefer to put the crowd right up against the court, but we need that aisle, as you shall see. The seating should slope upward and, to create the effect I'm seeking, about 1,500 seats would be needed. For, you see, it would be a ringside.

As for the narrow aisle, my plot is to station the linesmen there. Their function, after all, is mechanical and impersonal. Robots would be better, but until they are invented we need linesmen who should not intrude upon the stage. The combat area belongs to the players. Only the umpire, a supervisor whose decisions are more human, should be allowed within the barriers. He becomes the referee in boxing.

Out with the ball boys, too. The sideline barriers would be broken in the center, just opposite the net posts, by a narrow slit. This permits the ball boys, after clearing netted balls, to return to the neutrality of the aisle. A similar slit is left at the four corners for the baseline ball boys, but it must be very thin lest the illusion of a solid wall disappear. During the play the ball boys would sit on stools in the aisle.

Thus by isolating the players we dramatize them further. We fix the spectator's eyes on stage center, undistracted—just as we not only frame a painting but mat it as well.

With the crowd brought down close there is now a different climate at court-side: audience contact has been established. The force and tensions of the contest are received immediately, at close quarters, before they can dissipate in space. Picked up by the first rows, they are transmitted backward in waves; "waves of applause" did not become a cliché without reason.

If you think I overstate this, tune back to the Frazier-Ali fight, only this time add the ring. It is still not a fight. A fight needs a ringside. Indeed, the ringside is part of the action. With a tight crowd rimming the action, no matter how far back we sit we are still in contact. Take away ringside and we become passive observers. I have played table tennis before dynamic crowds of 500; I have also played to a dead house of 10,000, at London's Empire Pool, for example, where, because the court was placed in the center of an ice rink and the nearest spectators were a hundred feet away, no reciprocal dynamics developed between players and fans.

In a sense the ringside fans become the prompters for the most remote parts of the audience. They are their guides, the chorus of Greek drama. But where were those guides when I watched the Rosewall-Roché final on TV? The sports-casters, Jack Kramer and Bud Collins, told me that the stadium was sold out—14,000, roughly—but to me it seemed that the match was being played in a TV studio, for during the play I never saw the crowd at all, and when the cameras covered crowd reaction they had to move away from the players.

Within the next few years Forest Hills will finally lay to rest its precious grass courts and with them, I hope, some other idiotic traditions that have cumbered the sport for so long. Without their grass to fret over, perhaps the stages of the Open will put some bleachers at court-side so that the visible reactions to the play of those fans will prompt similar reactions from the TV viewers, just as two men on a street corner, looking up, will soon gather a crowd. And good God, no box seats in the first rows! Get some live ones down there!

After the staging is improved tennis must nest pull itself together. I mean that literally. As it is now played there is simply too much slack time in the game.

For example, I recently timed an Ashe-

Richey match using a chess clock to get the ratio of "slack time" to "ball in play." The three-set match took one hour, 29 minutes. Ball in play: 22 minutes.

Consider first the standard prematch warmup—a leisurely stroking exhibition in which the players exchange backhands and forehands, then take turns at lobbing, volleying and serving. Moreover, it is all done through mutual cooperation. Obviously the players are friends. Tomorrow they will be sipping drinks over backgammon at another club.

I timed these warmups at Forest Hills. They averaged nine minutes! What are the players trying to do—warm up or develop their games? In table tennis the players are allowed a two-minute warmup (though they may each have had an hour on a practice table) and the umpire stands over them with a stopwatch. To the spectator, this brief impersonal warmup, this exact doling out of time, all this portends a fight, and he moves up in his chair for the very first point.

At Forest Hills I timed points as well as warmups. Among the men they averaged four seconds. The average game took six points. Thus: average game 24 seconds.

So now after their nine-minute warmup the players give us 24 seconds of action followed by what? Exactly. A rest. After their 24-second ordeal the players have to refresh themselves by sitting down for 60 seconds. Then for the rest of the match a two-game cycle of rests goes into effect: 48 seconds of play, 60 seconds of rest. And don't forget this: the 60 seconds of rest is continuous, but the games are broken up into four-second points that are themselves separated by slack time. The ball boys must clear the court, first serves are missed and so on. These breaks are unavoidable, but the deadening rests must be changed. Today's tennis is baseball with a seven-inning stretch every inning.

The worst thing about these rests is that they are predictable. The players' rests become the spectator's rests, and though the action may move him up in his chair, after each rest he must be recaptured. Furthermore, the players (especially in the early sets) do not look as though they either need or have earned all that rest. They seem to be constantly pacing themselves.

Pacing oneself is certainly a consideration, but the introduction of sudden

continued

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BLOODTHIRSTY TENNIS

death has greatly lessened its importance. Essentially a time-limit rule (a necessity for live television coverage), sudden death will stay in tennis. What will disappear, however, are those five-hour death struggle matches that at the end were decided as much by character as by skill. Too had these matches had to go. When they occurred tennis became a gallant war. But the thrills of sudden death will do the sport more long-term good than the lost hardship and, besides, the hardship is not irretrievable. I suggest it be reintroduced by giving the players less rest and in a less monotonous form. I suggest a quota of time-outs for each player.

Time-outs are dramatically superior to periodic rests because they deprive the spectator of an automatic signal to relax. Incorporated into the action, the time-out almost becomes a part of it. Also, when a player calls for time the fan knows he needs it. After all, he's diminishing his quota. But still he calls time. He's saying "I'm in it!"

I visualize the action of a time-out as follows: a player could call time only at the end of a game. When the umpire grants time the players go not to the same area as they now do, but to opposite corners of the barriers. They cannot go beyond the barriers. Instead, a stool, not a chair (yes, like a boxer's), is lifted over the barriers by the player's designated "second" or, if he's a loner, by a ball boy. And if golfers consult their caddies why shouldn't tennis players consult their seconds? This powwow is stage trickery, of course. It lends importance to the action; fans will argue what it's about. Moving the players to opposite corners keeps them from getting chummy during the truce. We keep them isolated but within the combat area.

The ideal quota of time-outs would have to be found experimentally. My own guess is that each player's quota should be as follows.

- First set: none
- Second set: one one-minute time-out
- Third set: one 90-second time-out
- Fourth set: one two-minute time-out
- Fifth set: two two-minute time-outs.

Also, there should be an automatic one-minute time-out after each set. Under present rules when a set ends no pause is taken. This is dramatically weak. Some punctuation should signal the end of that important episode.

The time-outs above are a guess, but

the total rest time should be much less than is now given (to compensate for sudden death), and one time-out a set per player is better than two shorter ones because longer sustained play will result. Also for indoor matches, where a hot sun is no factor, the players' time-outs (but not those between sets) could be shortened. And why not also, for indoor matches, keep the players on the same side of the court for an entire set? In the fifth, or deciding, set courts could be changed when one player reaches three games. This keeps the action concentrated.

As for sudden death, it is clearly disastrous to change courts after the fourth point, just when the tension should be kept unbroken. Far better to decide the issue by a prematch toss, the winner getting the choice of side or serve for the first sudden death, the loser getting the option for the second. Only in the fifth set should a change of sides be made in sudden death—and only then if each player has had the same number of side-or-serve options. And in all sudden deaths, if a fourth point is played, the server should be allowed one serve only.

So far, you have seen only my bold side. I have a shy side, too. For instance, one day during the Open I told my old friend Jack Kramer that some loopy notions on tennis were in my head and that before I made a fool of myself by putting them into print I wanted his opinion. I had guessed that Kramer would laugh when I explained my ideas. He didn't. In fact, when I proposed my unique solution to the still-debated serve issues (one serve or two) Kramer shut his eyes, went into a hunk and said finally, "It would be worth trying. You'd have to find the right distance." What I am saying here, of course, is that if Jack Kramer, an alltime tennis great, listened without laughing, perhaps my notions may not be mad after all.

And that, friends, brings me to my last impudent trick. I shall now bury the controversial puzzler, the serve.

One serve or two?

The arguments for two serves are good. Tennis does not have the "ultimate" shot. It doesn't have the home run, the touchdown or the goal. The nearest equivalent to those is the ace, made possible by granting a player two serves. Fine. The big bomb, the ace, must stay. Tennis needs it.

The arguments for one serve are also

continued



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BLOODTHIRSTY TENNIS *continued*

good. Under a one-serve rule more crowd-pleasing baseline play would develop. Or one might add that allowing Arthur Ashe a second serve after nussing his first is the same as giving Jack Nicklaus a mulligan. Again fine and logical.

I side with the one-servers. With me, it is again a matter of slack time. Sure, I marvel when Ashe hammers in a blistering ace. Who doesn't? But Ashe misses his first serve about 50% of the time and a much smaller percentage of those that go in are aces. And we pay a big price for those aces. Half of the time Ashe, moving to net with his serve, must return to the baseline, reset himself and serve again. Missed first serves are the main reason why the play in tennis has a disconnected, staccato character.

Is there no solution? Can't tennis adopt a one-serve rule yet still keep the marvelous ace?

I suggest that tennis experiment with the idea of giving the server a single serve only, but allowing him to make it from inside the baseline. In other words, closer to the net! Perhaps two feet closer. First, this would make play more continuous. Second, it would add baseline play, for on most points the receiver would be returning a "second" serve—strengthened, of course, because the target is closer—but still not as strong as two serves. But neither would the ace be eliminated. I faced with the penalty of losing the point if he faulted, the server's total of aces would be less. He couldn't swing away freely. But his percentage would be improved, and he would go for his ace whenever the score or strategy indicated it.

The rules of any sport must be dynamic. To do the job they were intended to do they must change as the sport changes. Today's tennis is different from the game in which players rallied from the baselines for minutes on a single point. Yet the rules stay the same. Be assured that if next year's hitters come to the plate as favorites to hit homers, baseball will enlarge the strike zone, just as it reduced it in 1969 to remove the pitchers' bind on the batters. The sport must rule the rules, not the rules the sport. Perhaps the sultans of tennis should take a hint from Humpty-Dumpty, who told Alice: "When I use a word it means what I choose it to mean." Tennis should make its rules do what it wants them to do.

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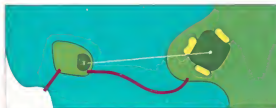
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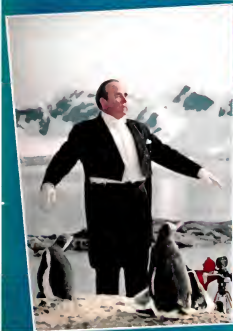
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JOURNEY SOUTH TO A COLD SUMMER

If you pine for penguins and seals,
then a Lindblad winter trip to the
continent of Antarctica is the
answer to your fondest dreams

by MARY HEMINGWAY

THREE pictures from Miss Mary's album show her gleefully holding *Thomomys barneardi*—a catch that won her five free drinks; Hakon Mielche posing among his fellow penguins; and a lonely sign at Hope Bay, halfway between Buenos Aires and the South Pole.

Unlike the flocks moving south last winter to escape the sleet and slush, our small covey of 90 pushed right on past the warm weather. We were heading down to seal and penguin country, to days of 20-hour sunshine just strong enough to start icicles dripping from the tops of mile-long icebergs and to topple towers of packed snow into the sea. This was the maiden voyage to the ice continent of the scarlet and white motor ship *Lindblad Explorer* (2,300 tons, 3,800 hp, 250 feet long) built expressly for such exotic cruising, and for 21 days we roamed 3,810 nautical miles of the far southern ocean, through the "Roaring 40s," the "Furious 50s" and the "Screeching 60s" south latitude.

Excepting a possible airline pilots' convention, no small ship could possibly have accommodated a group so widely and imaginatively traveled as did the *Explorer*. Hakon Mielche from Copenhagen, for example, who amused us one afternoon by wearing full evening dress, including white gloves, to visit a colony of gentoo penguins. Hakon stopped counting his air miles five years ago after they reached two million. He has hunted on Navarino Island at the bottom of Tierra del Fuego, sailed the Columbus route from Spain to the New World and written a book about it, *Afrya Ten, Columbus*. He has also written 34 other travel books and sent dispatches to Scandinavian newspapers from virtually every country on the Earth's surface, including Iceland, Greenland, most of the Pacific islands and 24 towns in Australia.

Almost everybody aboard had bounced around Africa and India, Alaska and Australia. They had fished for trout in Iceland and Peru and New Zealand, bird-watched in the Himalayas and in Manitoba's Delta Marsh. Some knew Nandi, the airport of the Fiji Islands, as well as Pago Pago, American Samoa—and one place or another in the Solomons. Many of the company had explored the tropical Galapagos Islands, sailing either their own or chartered boats (as did Frank Masland Jr. of Carlsbad, Pa.) or on a cruise organized by the ubiquitous Mr. Lindblad. The median of their financial resources would be about a million dollars and the average age was 59.

"You haven't been to Easter Island?"

someone asked me in surprise. "Do go, before it gets spoiled by tourists."

They spoke an exclusive shorthand language. "John Williams" could refer only to the ornithologist of Kenya, long associated with Nairobi's Coryndon Museum. "Roger" inevitably meant Roger Tory Peterson, the eminent U.S. birdman.

On the second night out from Buenos Aires the *Explorer's* captain, Ludvig Gjesdal, an immense blond Viking, economic in speech, asked how I happened to choose the voyage.

"I was lonesome for boats and the sea. And I longed for fresh air. Why did you choose this command?"

"It could be interesting."

"Have you been down here before?"

"I was deck boy on a whaler when I was 16." (A Norwegian whaler in the Antarctic, he meant.)

"Why, do you suppose, did all these other people choose this trip?"

"Don't know. You take a poll."

Thus it was that I went around, notebook in hand, asking people "why." The passengers, from Scandinavia, England, Switzerland, Italy, South Africa and the majority from many of the United States, contributed answers both entertaining and serious.

James Ramsey Ullman, the ship's most distinguished writer, a mountain climber and historian of the conquest of Mt. Everest, joined the cruise. "Oh, because it's there, the Antarctic, and I can get there sitting down." He, who has climbed so many mountains and whose latest book, *And Not to Yield*, made my palms sweat reading it.

"Interest in birds and slightly demented," said Malvin Herz, publisher of medical magazines in Minnesota, whose elfin wife Jo is a hard-core bird watcher.

"Geology, the history of Antarctica and birds," said Mrs. Clarence Crockett of Bloomfield Hills, Mich. "My husband is the student geologist."

"Never been here before," said Frank Masland, a charmer with the bushiest eyebrows aboard, who shaves because otherwise "I'd be Santa Claus."

"I am curious green," said Topsy Waters, an ebullient granddaughter of Mary Roberts Rinehart.

"Something new," said Mrs. Bitten Clausen of Nordborg, Denmark, who had gone on six hunting safaris in East

continued

Africa with her husband before he died and now runs his electronics factory with 10,000 employees.

"Escaping from letters—the bore of correspondence," said sprightly Miss Pamela Furness of Farnham, Surrey, England. "And I hijacked her," she went on, sticking a finger at the red parka of Miss Alison V.G. Cunningham of Ilminster, Somerset, England. Both of them are experienced birders.

"Birds and Sewall," said another dedicated birder, Mrs. William F. Davidson of St. Paul. Sewall is Dr. Olin S. Pettingill Jr., head of the laboratory of ornithology at Cornell University, who is chief naturalist on the cruise. Mr. Davidson is a real-estate holder, playwright and sharp observer of the foibles of humans and penguins.

Dr. Roy Sexton, the ship's medicine man, said he was camping under the stars of the Gobi Desert when he got a message from Lindblad asking him to join the cruise. "I've been down here before. We had eight broken legs the first day out on a ship in 1968. But the pioneering instinct lives on."

A shaft of concentrated sunshine, Betty Douglas of Ketchum, Idaho, my friend and roommate, was entranced by the journey's prospects of education and delight. "And I'm receiving both of them," she said.

The busiest man of the company, Michael Wynne-Wilson, the public-relations director for the New England Aquarium and a Boston bank, made daily broadcasts from the ship's radio room to Boston and Montreal via Station WOM in Fort Lauderdale. With his pretty wife Anne, Hakon Mielche and a few other superdoers, Michael instituted, wrote and made up the cruise's daily newspaper, the *Antarctic Circle*. Mielche illustrated it with drawings.

During our first week together we abandoned surnames. The ship's steward broke away from the traditional custom of assigning places at tables in the dining saloon and instead asked passengers to sit wherever they found vacancies, so that we habitually breakfasted, lunched and dined with different companions, thus widening acquaintanceships. By the second week hands reached out to touch another's arm or shoulder in tentative approval or affection.

The ship's library copy of Darwin's *The Voyage of the Beagle* was in constant demand, people wishing to refresh

their memories of his descriptions of the Falklands, "an undulating land, with a desolate and wretched aspect . . . everywhere covered by a peaty soil and wiry grass," and of Tierra del Fuego, "a mountainous land, partly submerged in the sea, so that deep inlets and bays occupy the place where valleys should exist. The mountain sides, except on the exposed western coast, are covered from the water's edge upwards by one great forest." So, later, we found it without much change, the forest being mostly beech trees.

We were reminded of other writers, too. Having watched a wandering albatross tailing us, Jim Ullman one day remembered Coleridge:

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald. . . ."

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared
and howled,
Like noises in a sward!

At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came:
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name."

Standing at the bar before lunch, Topsy Waters chuffed, "The ice was all around. Everywhere but here." We were getting postage-stamp pieces of ice in our Temperate Zone drinks because a fire that had burned out the ship's galley on her voyage across the Atlantic had also invaded the electrical system, knocking out the ice-making machine. Ian McAndrew, the harman from London, could not quite stretch his ingenuity to the manufacture of ice. But as soon as we got into the pack ice along the Antarctic Peninsula, the long finger of the continent that stretches, beckoning, northeastward to South America, Topsy solved the bar's ice problems. Rattling through the floating ice in Zodiacs, which are rubber rafts with outboard motors, Topsy would stretch outward and haul aboard 15- to 20-pound chunks of ice to carry home.

Our first stop out of Buenos Aires was the Falklands, where, at Stanley, capital of the British Crown Colony, we had a year's weather in a day—a hailstorm following bright sunshine, rain

pelting, sudden dry wind shrieking around corners and a sifting of snow. The townspeople gave us a bounteous buffet luncheon and showed us how they spin the wool of their famous sheep. From Stanley we headed south, then west to Admiralty Bay, King George Island, in the South Shetland group.

Mr. Lindblad's southernmost target for the cruise was Adelaide Island, nearly 68° south latitude, where the British maintain a meteorological post and emperor penguins live on the ice. But pack ice, too closely packed, prevented our approach and the ship failed to cross the Antarctic Circle (66° 30' south). Captain Gjesdal made four attempts but the ice turned him back each time. So we turned and headed north for Arthur Harbor and Palmer, the U.S. scientific station, with Adèle



penguins in residence across the bay from the buildings. "The dirtiest I've seen," Mr. Pettingill said of the bird colony. "It must be a very old nesting ground."

Captain Edwin MacDonald, who has led many U.S. Navy expeditions to the area, was now on his 34th journey there as our cruise's director of polar operations. At Esperanza, one of Argentina's eight permanent scientific stations in Antarctica, he ushered some of us away from the comfortable old two-story scientific headquarters building, past the staked-out sled dogs and up a glacier with inch-wide streams cutting it, to a long frame structure which, MacDonald said, was typical of the oldtime Ant-

arctic stations. From its single door at one end a thin hallway led through the long, narrow building, rooms for the storage of gear giving off on each side into a common room with stove, a long mess table and double-deck bunks on three sides. The classic rule among explorer teams living months on end in these cramped quarters, Captain MacDonald said, was that whenever a man went to bed he might not be approached for conversation, information or any vocal disturbance.

Besides Dr. Pettingill, other distinguished naturalists were aboard with us to offer information and instruction. They were Keith Shackleton, the bird painter and naturalist from England; Francisco Erize, an Argentinian expert on his country's land and sea wildlife; and Dr. George Grace Jr., biological

"The Earth has 140 million square miles of ocean, and the Antarctic waters are surprisingly rich in marine life and decomposed organic material."

"Female elephant seals produce pups on the beaches and then come into heat again and mate within 18 days of giving birth. They wean the pups after 23 days and keep the new egg hibernating in their interior plumbage before developing, the embryo living inside them for a year minus eight days."

"Penguins' feathers, about 70 to a square inch, and layers of subcutaneous fat insulate them. The salt they take into their bodies with their fishy food they expel through their nostrils or beaks. They flush their blood into their feet and the inner sides of their flippers to expel heat."

Of all the sights on the trip the penguins, of which we saw five species, gave the most pleasure and received the most shutter clicks. In two to four-hour visits to various penguin establishments we were happy to find that the birds—mothers or fathers sitting with the chicks on their nests—were not disconcerted by us. Among the most gregarious of birds—starlings are another example—penguins build their nests just out of pecking reach of each other so that we needed to tread carefully not to invade their private premises. Seated, impassive, one could observe the few-weeks-to-few-months-old chicks sneak away from their parents' protective skirts to explore for a few yards while the elders were gossiping over the back fence. An unexpected noise would send them scuttering back, each unerringly to his respective home. In two endeavors humans seem to be like penguins—in their concern for the young and in having fun.

Among the penguins there were exceptions to standard operational procedures. One Magellanic penguin mother had hatched two eggs and then apparently later, a third, the last chick being only half the size of his elder brothers. When the two bigger children begged food she regurgitated tidbits into her mouth to give them. But when the smallest fuzz-coated baby emerged from the family dupout asking for food the mother gave him a vicious peck and seemed to push him away with her flipper. She was exceptional. Few penguins incubate more than two eggs, and the parents rarely fail to guard their eggs and chicks with care. The parents take turns div-

ing into the sea for food and also share the job of nest caretaker.

We soon developed favorites among the different species. Some preferred the rock hoppers, with their fierce yellow eyebrows, red eyes and astonishing capacity to hop from slippery sea-washed rocks up steep hillsides to their nests. Some liked the 25-inch-tall Adélies, with their solid-black heads, white eye rings and constant conversation. Others felt more kinship with the chin straps we found at the Russian Bellingshausen station, perhaps because one of the birds had deserted his brothers and moved in with the people. My favorites were the Magellanic penguins, with their striped chests and pink pince-nez. They live in burrows but sit outside on their front porches much of the time. As we out-sized penguins approached them they gave us flirtatious welcomes, bowing and waving their heads from side to side. In a settlement of at least 5,000 of them I noticed that exercise time for the youngsters came about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The parents would waken the chicks, who obediently stood up and began waving their flippers back and forth.

Like present-day humans, penguins have a tough time distinguishing between sexes. Seeing a likely prospect, a male bird picks up a pebble and drops it near a bird who interests him. If the receiving bird is female and also interested, she picks up the pebble and stuffs it between her feet. If the recipient is another male, he ignores the pebble. It becomes a matter of try, try again.

The trip was not devoted entirely to birdlife, however. Having caught fish in the Caribbean, the Atlantic, the Indian Ocean, the Pacific and the Bering Sea, I hoped eagerly and vocally to take one from the waters surrounding the seventh continent.

"There are very few fish here," George Grace told me. "There are rock cod. But I don't know where."

I had to try it anyway, so I scrounged up some makeshift tackle and went down to the lowest stern deck. I fished at changing depths and with changing bait. Nothing nibbled in more than two hours. That evening I reported my failure to Captain Gjesdal at the bar.

"Fish can't live in water that is 2° below zero centigrade," said he. "You couldn't catch anything."

"Is that so?"

"Of course."



MARY'S favorite iceberg surfaced in Paradise Bay, where C-15e maintains a weather station.

oceanographer at Woods Hole. While we scribbled diligently they provided, in the ship's assembly hall—the Penguin Room—condensed history, chronological and natural. Some excerpts:

"Thirty species of birds live in the Antarctic."

"Krill, planktonic red crustaceans, is the principal food of baleen whales and many penguins."

"The wandering albatross is the largest seabird, with a wingspan of 10 to 11 feet."

"There are 600,000 described species of marine animals."

continued



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"Sears tracked it down for me: a safer, quieter way to hunt."

"I've never talked to a hunter who didn't want an outfit that's more visible in the woods. Safer, Quieter, too, for tracking without being heard."

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And it's equipped with everything you need. Lightweight, Vycron® polyester fiberfill to keep you warm. Water-repellent finish to keep you dry. Recoil pads. Cartridge pockets. A rubber-lined game pocket that zips down so you can sit down dry.

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Approved by Ted Williams
Chairman, Sears Sports Advisory Staff

When you see this check mark on Sears equipment you know it's their best. Tested by Sears and me.

Try on this new outfit. It's in the Sears Sports Center. Or Sears 1970 Hunting Catalog. For a free copy, write me: Ted Williams, c/o Sears, Roebuck and Co., Dept. 139-G55, 925 S. Homan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60607.

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SPORTS CENTER
where the new ideas are

COLD SUMMER

On our next stop the anchor chain had hardly finished clattering down into the bay in front of the U.S. Palmer scientific station when a headload of well-comers came aboard. They were part of the eight U.S. Navy personnel and four scientists who man the station, and one of them was Mike Bergin from Sumnerland Key. He's Mike is the supply officer at Palmer, and he remembered seeing a small rod and reel among the quantities of gear in his storeroom.

The next morning I found him somewhere in the recesses of the building, which, with its big picture window and wide second-floor balcony, looks like a California mountain chalet. He had found the rod and reel. Captain MacDonald had said that the fish lived in shallow water, so, with a piece of raw bacon, I clambered down the rocks behind the station and cast offshore, an unsatisfactory procedure, since the line, which was much too heavy for the small reel and also dried and curly from long disuse, ran through the guides with all the alacrity of a string of popcorn. The Chilean supply ship *Pinto Pardo* was tied up at the station's dock, and one of its young officers came ashore and cast for me, getting the bait farther out than I could. While my *Explorer* companions climbed the glacier behind the station or investigated the shoreline of the bay, I stayed fishing until the lifeboats came to haul us back to the ship for lunch.

Shortly afterward I was back ashore, fishing again, when one of the deckhands of the *Pinto Pardo* suggested I go aboard to fish off her stern, an about four fathoms of water. "Fish the bottom," the sailor said, unreeing his own headline. My exhausted bacon bait looked like wet fuzz, and somebody kindly brought me a morsel of Chilean beef. The sailor with his headline grunted and pulled up a fish, and a moment later there was a tug on my line and I reeled in, yelling and dancing in my big boots. It was a fish that looked to me like a member of the grouper family. I put him in sea water in a couple of plastic bags and hurried out to the *Explorer*, where Captain Gjesdal was standing on the main deck at the top of the gangway. He had bet me five drinks I couldn't catch a fish. "Look!" I yelled. "My fish!"

Captain Gjesdal looked. My fish was plopping around in the sea water. From his Olympian heights the cap-

tain announced, "That's not a fish."

I filled a pail with fresh sea water and put the fish in it. I took it up to the Penguin Room to await identification.

My fish's problem, and mine, was that nobody could identify him. It was demoralizing, both for my fish and me. He kept trying to jump out of his pail, and I pawed through books in the ship's library, hoping to find a picture that resembled him. An unspectacular fish, about a foot long, a bigmouthed, bug-gilled, brown-and-yellow-mottled thing with its dorsal fin running all the way down to the tail. Ultimately we identified him as *Trematomus bernacchii*. He has no common name. I'm not even sure he should be called he. But grilled for breakfast the next morning the fish was delicate and delicious.

We turned northward to King George Island again to spend an afternoon playing with elephant seals on the beach at Potter's Cove, admiring their sweet smiles and their ruby eyes, apparently being regarded by them not as enemies, only nuisances. Then we crossed the tortuous Drake Passage and rounded the villainous Horn. I remember Richard Harris, a bearded, bristled-tongued lad from Lancashire who was a meteorologist at the British scientific station in the Argentine Islands (65°15' south latitude), who dined with some of us aboard the *Explorer*. Of the rising tide of tourists he said, "They're a bloody nuisance. They come without warning, swarm about the place like they owned it and interfere with our work."

His disapproval evaporated when he spied an apple on the buffet table. "Mind you, I don't mean to be rude about the tourists," said he, slicing, "but you do wonder where it's going to end. What's to become of us and the seals and the penguins? Will we be running terrariums?"

We disembarked at Punta Arenas (pop. 60,000), the southernmost city on the planet Earth. After waiting hours for the airplane which was to take us to Buenos Aires, we discovered too late that some genius, being told that our aircraft could not carry all of us and also our luggage, had sent the bags, unaccompanied, to Santiago, Chile. In the mid-summer heat of Buenos Aires, where the air is no hotter than that of many smog-shrouded places, some of us sweated two days in our Cape Horn clothing, waiting for lighter clothes.

We were back in civilization.

END

As
much
with
tomorrow
as your
ideas



the
bold, glossy,
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Dewar House, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, opened in 1908. Lots of interesting things here. Famous paintings like "The MacNab," and "Thin Red Line." The Chantry Bust of Sir Walter Scott. And the worn, bescribbled tavern table on which Robert Burns wrote many of his poems.



When John Dewar opened his shop he exemplified the virtues of the poor Scot of those days: grit, courage, thrift, plain living, honesty, a taste for hard work, and the vision to grasp a golden opportunity. For example, no one had yet dreamed of putting up Authentic Scotch Whisky in bottles. Here was an opportunity for John Dewar and he was quick to seize it. By the end of the century the annual output of Dewar's "White Label" had reached a million gallons.



The "Fair City of Perth." Nothing much ever changes. The ships still come up the Firth of Tay to Perth.

The people are durable and warmhearted. And the whiskies that go into the making of Dewar's "White Label" lie racked in aging sheds, sleeping the sleep of tranquillity. It's a very easy place to make a Scotch of authentic character.



**Dewar's
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The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.

Two fast gunslingers were slow on the draw

They slung, did Jim Plunkett of Stanford and Dennis Dummit of UCLA, but the defenses swung even better. As a result, three Indian field goals featured a 9-7 ball game that left undecided all kinds of trophies, bowls and titles

Plunkett, Dummit, Dummit, Plunkett. Gunfight at the LA corral. That was the staging last week out in the California wonderland where the mini still thrives, where they still elect things like Miss Taco Delicious and where Stanford and UCLA still play those football games that don't end until everybody has to be taken to the hospital on stretchers.

They played another one last Saturday night that was supposed to have all sorts of influence on such immense treasures as the Heisman Trophy, the Rose Bowl and the Pacific Eight championship, and maybe it settled all of that and maybe it didn't. What it did do was leave the large impression that the most harrowing football of the season is being played by West Coast teams, and it is probably a shame that Plunkett Dummit, or Dummit Plunkett, isn't one guy.

Jim Plunkett is the Stanford fellow who has this hard-sell campaign going for him in regard to that trophy everybody knows about. And Dennis Dummit is the UCLA guy who keeps beating everybody he plays—but seeing some of those victories turned into late-hour losses by a defense that finally gives out after afternoons and evenings of heroic performances.

To fully appreciate the terrible things that have been happening to Dummit—and happened again last week when Stanford placekicked its way past the Bruins 9-7—let's go back a bit. Last season Dummit has USC beat 12-7 with 1:32 to go, but USC throws a pass and wins. This season he has Texas beat 17-13 with 12 seconds left, but Texas throws a pass and wins. He also has Oregon beat 40-21, but Oregon throws several passes and wins in the last 30 seconds. Now comes Stanford. Dummit has Stanford beat 7-6, but with 4:57 to go Stanford kicks its third field goal of the night and wins. Dummit thus loses four games

in his varsity career while wearing headphones on the sidelines. The only four losses.

As so often happens when all of the buildup insists there will be wild, hellacious scoring because of the presence of a couple of gunslingers like Plunkett and Dummit, you get a 9-7 ball game that hurls everyone back to the late 1950s. They did their share of pitching, but the defenses of both teams dominated the evening. UCLA's by holding Stanford to no touchdowns for the only time in Plunkett's life.

Statistically the two passers wound up

about even. Plunkett, the big dark guy from the North (San Jose), hit on 18 of 37 throws for 262 yards. Dummit, the medium-sized blond from the South (Long Beach), hit on 18 of 35 for 244 yards. More of a crucial nature was Steve Horowitz' record. He hit on three of five field goals for Stanford. Seeing as how it was Horowitz who had a field goal blocked last year that kept the Indians and Bruins in a 20-20 tie, it was appropriate that the placekicker should wind up the biggest hero of the night.

Stanford Coach John Ralston, though, either lacked faith in Horowitz or had

continued



PLUNKETT (LEFT) AND DUMMIT HAD NEARLY IDENTICAL STATISTICS AS STANFORD WON

an abundance of faith in Plunkett. In any event, Ralston rarely could bring himself to watch the game. Nervously, clipboard in hand, he paced behind his team and let his assistants dictate strategy. Never before had he won in the Coliseum and perhaps he feared that somehow, some way, the sky would again fall in on him. In fact, he looked as if the sky had already fallen in on him, dressed as he was in navy blue blazer and sky blue slacks.

Going into the game, the best reading material anyone from Stanford could get his hands on was a four-page 8-by-10 pamphlet entitled *Stanford University's Heisman Trophy Nominee*. There on the cover was a portrait of Plunkett, the 23-year-old, 204-pound, 6' 3" Mexican-American. And the opening statement, as penned by that noted writer Bob Murphy of Palo Alto, the Indians' publicity chieft, said: "Jim Plunkett is unquestionably one of the greatest quarterbacks ever to play football."

In the pamphlet, along with just about every known and unknown statistic pertaining to Plunkett as a passer, were quotes from a handful of leading authorities—USC Coach John McKay, Bud Wilkinson, Frankie Albert, Cowboy Scout Gil Brandt and UCLA's Tommy Prothro, among others—testifying that Plunkett was the greatest thing since frozen dinners.

For the Heisman voters who might fall for the sympathy bit, there was a paragraph reminding everyone of what kind of a "person" Jim is. He had worked "long" hours as a grocery clerk, gas-station attendant and paper boy to help earn a living for his legally blind father, who passed away last year, and his mother, who is totally sightless. And there was a reminder of what kind of "student" Jim is. He carries a B average as a political-science major.

All of this was in the pamphlet with photographs and tables of record-breaking performances and the further reminder that Plunkett could have gone on to the pros after last season had he not forsaken riches to hang in with Ralston just for one more shot at USC, the Rose Bowl and the Whassinsame.

Plunkett's keepers had been thoroughly frustrated during the early part of the season by the uproarious Mad Ave. campaign being waged by the backers of Mississippi's Archie Manning. Archie had a big head start, Stanford felt, Stan-

ford, for one thing, hadn't thought of Jimmy buttons. Or Jimmy bumper stickers.

The pamphlet was what they finally came up with after Jim had succeeded in achieving one of his goals, the beating of USC. Then came what Bob Murphy decided was the perfect time to unleash it on all of the 1,300-odd Heisman voters, most of whom, it should be pointed out, would never get to see any college player even remotely in contention. The perfect time was when Archie Manning got dusted off by little ole Southern Mississippi.

"Archie Who? got beat by Southern What?" said Murphy, licking the stamps for the envelopes dispatching his Plunkett material to all the ships at sea. "How can anybody win the Heisman who gets beat by Southern Mississippi?" Murphy asked with the full approval of John Ralston and most all followers of West Coast football who were not Dennis Dammitt fans.

What then made the confrontation with UCLA all the larger was the thing that happened Saturday afternoon to USC. The thing was, USC got shocked by Oregon, the biggest upset in the conference, the team that had also upset UCLA and, in fact, had led Stanford at halftime. Suddenly Oregon was in the Rose Bowl picture and still is, despite the fact that Plunkett and his Indians survived UCLA. Oregon's only remaining conference games are against Washington and Oregon State. Stanford has three to go, against Oregon State, Washington and California. Mathematically, UCLA and USC are still in it, too, but Stanford is safely past the teams that looked the most frightening to John Ralston. And the only question is whether Plunkett and his friends can avoid a let-down, or get too preoccupied with the Heisman business.

One of the most impressive things about Plunkett is that the Stanford offense almost never fails to move with him. He gets a few first downs, enhancing his field position, on virtually every possession. Either by hitting his backs in the safety valve or blowing out a long one to Randy Vataha down the sideline, he keeps the ball. Against the Bruins this resulted in Stanford running 95 plays to UCLA's 63, and the valiant Bruin defense, which had forced a fumble to set up its go-ahead seven points and also had grabbed two interceptions,

just couldn't keep staving him off.

It was a long Plunkett pass to Vataha, a 42-yarder on third down—yeah, one of those we-gotta-have-it situations—that set up the winning field goal. So in the final analysis it was Jim Plunkett who kept all those Stanford pamphlets from going the way of the Edsel and the Archie button.

THE WEEK

by GWILYM S. BROWN

EAST

1. PITTSBURGH (5-1)
2. DARTMOUTH (5-0)
3. YALE (5-0)

"Pitt hits you like Joe Marciano," announced Miami Coach Walt Kichefski just before his Hurricanes climbed into the Pitt Stadium ring with the best team in the East, obviously convinced that only a combination of Marciano and Louie could duplicate the effect the Panthers are likely to have on their opposition. "Sooner or later you get knocked to your knees."

This week Pitt did it sooner rather than later, scoring four touchdowns in the first half (they had been big in the second half against West Virginia), and then held off a Miami surge to win by 28-17. Pitt's 5' 9" junior quarterback, Dave Havren, abandoned his team's new Power I offense when Miami stacked a 4-5-2 defense against it, but the straight I provided punch enough. Pitt caught Miami napping in the first quarter with a 38-yard reverse pass by Halfback Denny Ferris to End Steve Moyer to set up its first score, which came on a 14-yard throw from Havren to Tony Exposito. Havren tossed one more touchdown during a 15 for 23 afternoon and the Pitt defense set up two more, despite playing without four injured regulars, by alertly gobbling up four fumbles and four interceptions from the shaky Miami offense. The second half was a latherous series of fruitless clinches, but Pitt Coach Carl DePascqua had come for some optimism at least as he looked ahead to Notre Dame next week and a possible bowl bid. "We have yet to play a full 60-minute game," he said. "If we ever put two halves together, look out."

Putting two good halves together is something undefeated Dartmouth has been doing all year, and at Cambridge, where 35,000 people came to see what the boys from the

woods could do to Harvard, the Indians won 37-14. The Crimson offense, stuttering to only one first down in the first three quarters, scored only against the Dartmouth reserves as Coach Bob Blackman won his 100th game since coming to Dartmouth in 1955. The Indians dominated the first quarter with two long drives but failed to score. So Quarterback Jim Chassey switched on the wild stuff. From the Harvard 49 he pitched an overhand lateral to Halfback John Short, who then lofted a long pass to End Bob Brown for the game's first touchdown. Short was one of the prime reasons it was such a long afternoon for Harvard. He also scored three touchdowns, two on short plunges and one on a six-yard pass from Chassey, blocked like mad and handled Dartmouth's second-half punting. This week's contest against likewise undefeated Yale in New Haven will prove whether Dartmouth is really as good as it looks.

Yale looked good in Ithaca, all right, as it tuned up for the match of the Ivy undefeated, but then everyone looks good against the Cornell defense. It has given up 117 points in five games. The Elis held the nation's leading rusher, Ed Marnaro, to 19 carries as it walloped the Big Red 38-7. Yale has a rather dazzling offensive weapon of its own, Dick Jauren. The sophomore halfback scored on touchdown runs of 34 and 62 yards and poked up 176 yards rushing in just 14 carries.

At West Point, Penn State Coach Joe Paterno scrapped his wide-open offense in favor of something more compact and conservative and punched out a 38-14 win over Army.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (5-0)
2. NOTRE DAME (5-0)
3. NEBRASKA (6-0-1)

Notre Dame took Saturday off, looking ahead to the exhausting offensive exhibition it will undoubtedly put on against Navy this weekend, but its Midwestern neighbors couldn't have been busier. At Champaign, Ohio State belted out an exciting 48-29 victory over charged-up Illinois and there was almost as much action off the field as on it. On Friday the Illinois Athletic Association sacked Jim Valek (7-29 since taking over in 1967, unless last year), only the fourth football coach the school has had in 50 years. After losing to Ohio State the Illini players voted unanimously to strike if Valek was not reinstated. "If Coach Valek is not here on Monday, Illinois does not have a football team," said the revolution. Somebody must have believed then, for Valek was reinstated the next afternoon—at least until

the end of the season. Ohio State scored first following recovery of an Illinois fumble, but the Illini promptly marched 80 yards for the tying touchdown, held Ohio State, then marched 71 yards to go ahead. After Ohio State Quarterback Rex Kern swept right end on a keeper for 26 yards and another score, Illinois grabbed the lead again 20-14 at the half, and 23-21 with a little over 20 minutes left in the game. Then Ohio State simply wore its opponent down, scoring touchdowns the next four times it got the ball. "It was a great football game to watch," said Hayes, "if you didn't care who won. I did."

At Ann Arbor, Michigan throttled Minnesota 39-13, pushing its season record to a heady 6-0 for the first time since 1955. Fullback Fritz Seyferth, a junior who ordinarily spends his Saturdays blocking, enjoyed a dream afternoon before 83,496, scoring four touchdowns on runs of three, four, five and six yards, and Woburne Halfback Billy Taylor gained 151 yards on 26 carries, scoring the first Michigan touchdown on a 17-yard run.

At Evanston, Northwestern toppled Purdue 38-14 to remain undefeated in the Big Ten and Coach Alex Agase showed no shyness about looking forward to the nation's No. 1 team. "It's a great feeling to be 3-0 and preparing for Ohio State," he said after the game. One reason for optimism is that Northwestern has a secondary that can track passes like radar. Purdue pipped as many throws into enemy hands as into friendly ones—six. Jack Dusan, a junior cornerback, cut off three himself and ran one interception back for 35 yards and a TD. Meanwhile, Northwestern showed unusually good ball control. The Wildcats ran off 99 plays to Purdue's 49 and used two tight ends to set up strong blocking patterns that permitted Quarterback Maure Dagneaux to complete 14 of 23 passes for 185 yards and two TDs and Fullback Mike Adamle to complete two play-action passes for 55 yards. He gained another 154 yards rushing on 39 carries.

At Lincoln, Nebraska kept its record near-spoiled, beating Oklahoma State in a woefully offensive display 65-31. Oklahoma State was briefly in the game 7-6, following a Big Eight-record 98-yard kickoff return by Dick Graham, but the Huskers rolled up an astonishing 870 yards rushing, passing and returning punts, kicks and puffed-off passes. Cotton Bowl? Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney was about as pleased with the mention of that as he was with his team's giving up 31 points. "Any time a team thinks beyond its next game the whole season can be ruined," he said. "Colorado is our next opponent, and they'll be anxious to beat us."

Colorado may be anxious, but will it be ready? Not off its 30-16 loss to Missouri at

Columbia. The Buffs gained only 35 yards along the ground, connected on just 10 of 33 passes (though for 244 yards) and were never in the game after the first quarter when Missouri built a 17-0 lead. At Kent, Ohio the Toledo Rockets rode to a 34-14 win over Kent State, running their winning streak to 18, second longest in the nation.

SOUTH

1. LSU (5-1)
2. AUBURN (5-1)
3. TENNESSEE (5-1)

"There is no point in talking about the rain or the field," said Auburn Coach Ralph Jordan in the wake of his previously unbeaten team's 17-9 upset by Louisiana State before 62,392 shocked homecoming fans.

LSU played on the same field we played on, both teams had some problems, but LSU just went out there, went to work and beat us." What Jordan did want to talk about, and then would prefer to forget, were the game's two key plays. The first of these was a fumble by Fullback Wallace Clark on Auburn's first play from scrimmage. It was recovered by LSU on the Auburn eight-yard line and LSU scored soon after on a pass from Quarterback Buddy Lee to Splitback Andy Hamilton. The second key play occurred in the second quarter after Auburn's Gardner Jett had closed the score to 7-6 with two longish field goals. An interference call in the end zone against Auburn gave the Bengals a first down on the one, and two plays later Tailback Arthur Cantrell drove in for the winning TD. Though Auburn spent the day getting close, three Jett field goals were all it could put on the scoreboard.

The ups and downs of Archie Who? continued on something of a down note in a downpour at Nashville, but Mississippi and Quarterback Archie Manning bounced back from their demeaning defeat at the hands of Southern Mississippi to edge out another underdog, Vanderbilt, by a score of 26-16. Ole Miss arrived for the game without its head coach, Johnny Vaught, who was recovering from a heart attack suffered in midweek. Vandy hobbled out for the game with no less than 12 Commodores on the injured list, including three quarterbacks. So they started Steve Burger, who had been fourth string when the season opened. It was the unlucky Burger who kept Ole Miss in the game. He set up the Rebels' first score by losing a fumble on his 20. Ole Miss scored in three plays. With his team trailing 17-7 early in the fourth quarter, Burger fumbled again on his 20 and the ball squirmed back to the one, where it was

continued

recovered by Ole Miss. Three plays later the Rebels had the clinching touchdown. Manning connected nine times on 18 passes and scored once himself, but most of the work was done by Fullback Bob Knight, who carried 24 times for 91 yards, and an Ole Miss defense that held Vanderbilt to minus 22 yards along the ground.

In nearby Knoxville the Tennessee Vols set all kinds of records before a crowd of 65,000 while thrashing Florida 38-7. Although the Gators, with slick John Reaves at quarterback, were expected to ignite the passing fireworks, it was Tennessee and senior Quarterback Bob Scott that piled up points and yardage through the air. Scott set a Tennessee passing record of 385 yards, with 21 completions in 36 throws, two for touchdowns. Scott, out of the spotlight heretofore in this Year of the Quarterback, has nonetheless met such standouts as Chuck Hixon of SMU, Pat Sullivan of Auburn, Eddie McAshan of Georgia Tech, Scott Hunter of Alabama and now Reaves, and has come out on top against all but Sully.

At State College, Southern Mississippi was knocked down from its cloud only a week after upsetting Ole Miss, losing by a resounding 51-15 to Mississippi State.

WEST

1. STANFORD (6-1)
2. AIR FORCE (7-0)
3. ARIZONA STATE (6-0)

While Stanford was squeezing out its 9-7 victory over UCLA, other Pacific Eight teams were shutting in and out of the Rose Bowl picture. Oregon kept its chances alive by beating Southern California 10-7, knocking the Trojans out of the running unless a series of miracles now occurs. "I kept hearing my number in the huddle," said Web-foot Tailback Rubby Moore, who ground out 168 yards along the AstroTurf in 38 carries. "I kept thinking they were running me a lot, but I sure didn't realize it was that much."

Moore was the difference. Moonsoon rains helped hold the Oregon passing attack, most productive in the nation, to only 149 yards on 13 completions in 32 tries, but the Oregon backs moved freely against a Southern Cal ground defense that some observers had called impenetrable. USC scored on the first quarter when it bruised out 59 yards on 14 plays, Sam Cunningham, the burly fullback, going over from the one. Oregon finally scored in the third quarter on a 22-yard field goal by Ken Woody and then again on an 80-yard march in the fourth period following a Jimmy Jones fumble. Moore carried the ball five of eight plays during

the winning drive, caught a pass and scored the touchdown, but the big gainer was a 30-yard pass from Oan Fouts to Bobby Newland that took the ball to the eight.

"I would say our Rose Bowl chances are completely finished," declared the long coach, John McKay, after the game, a statement he hasn't had to make in five years.

In Colorado unbeaten Air Force once again upheld the honor of the military as Army and Navy sentenced their week-by-week withdrawal from former football glories. This time the Falcons even got an assist, in a backhanded sort of way, from the Navy coach. After his team's 26-3 loss to Air Force two weeks ago Navy's Rick Forzano claimed that the Air Force team was overrated in the national polls (seventh) and that a good passing team would riddle the Falcons like so much Swiss cheese. So the Falcons met Frank Harris, Boston College's sharp-passing quarterback. Harris completed 21 of 38, but the Air Force secondary picked off four for themselves and Cornerback Jim Smith returned one of these 90 yards for a touchdown as Air Force shot down the previously once-defeated Eagles 35-10. But if Harris' passes sometimes strayed a bit, the Air Force quarterback, Bob Parker, was continually on target. He hit Flanker Ernie Jennings with scoring strikes of 11, five and two yards, and Smith's long interception return in the final quarter locked it up.

Some Pacific Eight also-rans could at least enjoy the odd Saturday afternoon. In Corvallis, Washington's sturdy Cherokee Quarterback, Sonny Sivikiller, fired 50 arrows onto the air and 30 of them fell into the hands of Husky receivers as Washington defeated Oregon State 29-20. The Beaver defense slowed Sivikiller down by tagging on to four of his throws in the first 20 minutes, taking a 14-0 lead, but could not stand so much prosperity. Penalties, fumbles and pass interceptions led to all of Washington's touchdowns. Oregon State managed to score a TD of its own following an all-time foul of an error: a 49-yard snapback by the Washington center that sailed over Sivikiller's head and was downed by the Beavers on the 12.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (6-0)
2. ARKANSAS (6-1)
3. TEXAS TECH (5-2)

The Texas Longhorns were snaggled over so briefly at Houston when Macon Hughes returned the kickoff following a Texas field goal to give Rice a 7-3 lead in the first quarter, but it was ho-hum from then on. Longhorn Quarterback Eddie Phillips ran the

option play expertly and scored on runs of five, seven and 10 yards, while Fullback Steve Wooster had his best day as a ballcarrier, gaining 170 yards on 25 carries as Texas made Rice its 25th consecutive victim 45-21. Between now and Dec. 5 Cornell Royal has nothing much to do but smooth and polish his team for Arkansas and he saw a couple of things that needed work. First, Texas was a touch sloppy. Also, he was perturbed about the kicking game. The Horns allowed a blocked punt in addition to Hughes' long kickoff return. "There's no excuse for a blocked punt," said Royal. "In fact, nothing irritates me more." But then Texas doesn't have to punt too often.

At Little Rock, Arkansas found itself in a game it never wanted to play, not because it feared losing but because the Razorbacks were afraid they would win too big. Their opponent was Wichita State, the team of the tragic plane crash of Oct. 2, and the final score was 62-0, although Razorback Coach Frank Broyles made generous use of his entire squad. Wichita had vowed to continue football despite the death of 13 players and Head Coach Ben Wilson. There were reports that Arkansas had offered to pay Wichita its \$30,000 guarantee not to play the game. "We told them we'd do whatever they wished," said Broyles. "I was personally very sympathetic to them. I knew they needed to play a game if they were to keep their players and continue in college football. I've never been in a spot like this and I had to play it by ear. I just told the boys to play as they're called."

The Arkansas' starting unit stayed in the game for only 18 plays and a 17-0 lead.


PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Defense Halfback Rick Lewis scored twice and set up a third with an interception as Georgia Tech beat Tulane 20-6. He TDs came in the fourth quarter on a 30-yard run with a fumble and a 36-yard interception.

THE LINEBACKER: LSU Linebacker Mike Anderson was in on 12 tackles, including three on a goal-line stand, in the Tigers' 17-9 upset of Auburn. LSU's rushing defense, best nationally, has not yielded a TD in nine games.

and then the second and third teams came on. But Wichita was far from discouraged. "These are a great bunch of men and they are going to be a football team," said the new coach, Bob Seaman.

At El Paso, Arizona State reacted to the pragmatic tongue-lashing they had received from Head Coach Frank Kush following a lackluster win over Brigham Young by welcoming Texas El Paso 42-13. **END**



He got married last June.
He wants two children.
A home for them with
lots of land.
A chance to ski now and then.
And freedom. Freedom for
himself and his family to do
what they want to do.
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by recognizing
that fact.

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Churning into tomorrow on six chubby tires

All-terrain vehicles are the latest symptom of America's motor mania. These go-anywhere bathtubs on wheels carry a deer out of the woods or a deer into them with equal élan, and builders predict a boom

Anglophobes claim that if you give an Englishman a piece of metal, he will do something stupid with it. I claim that if you give an American a piece of metal—or a hunk of plastic or a block of wood, for that matter—he will try to put wheels on it and drive it around the block. Or run it nonstop across the country. Or drive it up the face of Mt. Baldy, or across the Mojave Desert with an eight-track stereo turned up full blast.

We the People are cursed as a people with a weakness for gadgets with wheels. We buck across the landscape on go-karts, mini-bikes, hot rods, dune buggies, snowmobiles, golf carts, motorcycles and assorted other forms of transport. Now comes the latest virus of nut-ball vehicle disease. It is called ATV—all-terrain vehicle—and this peculiar contraption, in the words of one industry spokesman, "will take you anywhere you've got the guts to ride."

Imagine this thing that looks like a manic hermit crab. Inside its plastic body is a small air-cooled engine that drives through the six doughnut tires lining its flanks. There are seats for two people—who had better be prepared to be trundled up mountainsides, across deserts, through swamps, over water, onto snowbanks and into the deepest woods and jungles. Its mini-engine buzzing away and its tubby tires half floating, half digging at the terrain, this thing, this ATV, will go, as the man says, just about anywhere. It will keep scrambling up vertical slopes until it finally tumbles over backward like a wounded June bug. On reasonably level ground the average ATV

refuses to be stopped by anything short of a land mine. It will run through mud, snow, sand, shale, heat, rain, cold or hail and, given a stretch of pavement or hard earth, it will scuttle along at speeds up to 50 mph.

While hardly a 12-meter yacht, it can navigate small bodies of water. This it does in a sort of tippy, lumbering fashion that betrays its origins as a land-based amphibian. Nobody who builds ATVs claims great feats on the shimmering sea. "If you want to go on the water, you buy a boat," says one manufacturer. But it will ford streams or serve as a duck hunter's punt; with its tires acting as paddle wheels it can chug through the water at three to four mph.

To be sure, vehicles not unlike this have been featured for years in the secret-genius-basement-workshop-fantasy magazines ("Build an Artificial Heart for 98 Cents"; "Hobbyist Models Mount Vernon from Ice Cubes"; "Power Your Car with Cement!"), but the scarcity of small-displacement engines prevented their manufacture. Then came the snowmobile phenomenon, with power plants producing up to 40 hp yet small and reliable enough to propel all-terrain vehicles. From there it was simply a question of molding a plastic body, plugging in the motor and attaching six fat wheels. These wheels drive and steer like a bulldozer; by stopping one bank of wheels or the other, the driver pivots and changes the ATV's direction, rowboat-style.

The first machines were built in Canada to serve the logging, fishing and hunting businesses, but it took an aggressive, 30ish Pennsylvanian named David McCahill III to launch the ATV industry in a proper way. It is somehow fitting

that David McCahill is an heir to the Maytag washing machine fortune. For years the single-cylinder engines attached to his family's early washers found their way onto motorized carts and midget cars fabricated in America's garages and backyards. A longtime motorcycle nut who has raced at Daytona and other tracks, McCahill comes by his interest in unusual vehicles honestly. He is the boss of ATV Manufacturing Co., at present housed in a low brick factory formerly occupied by the People's Natural Gas Company in suburban Pittsburgh. There he and his associates expect to build more than 9,000 Attek ATVs in the coming year and hopefully lead their fledgling industry to real prominence.

A standard Attek weighs about 450 pounds, will carry an 800-pound load, has a 300-cc. two-cycle engine developing 20 hp, will do 35 mph on land and four mph over the water and costs about \$1,600, although options (e.g., top, self-starter, trailer) can boost the price to nearly \$3,000. Other versions range from a stark eight-hp, 25-mph model at \$995 to an all-out 50-mph racer for \$1,700.

McCahill has a squeaky-clean Henry Aldrich manner (diluted a good deal by his consumption of expensive cigars and his level, gunfighter's gaze) and a powerful urge to turn the ATV business into a national craze, thereby easing any lingering impression that he is a rich kid fiddling with outsized toys. "You can let your imagination run wild as far as the size of this market is concerned," says McCahill. "We think the potential is tremendous, because, unlike motorcycles or snowmobiles, ATVs aren't seasonal. You can run them in any kind of weather. And they're useful as well as recreational. We've got a lot of Attek

continued

AN ATTEK ATV goes airborne in one of the "tallies" that release hot competitive urges.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TROLO

in service with farmers, the border patrol, people like that. They've even got one on the LBJ Ranch. And then there are all the hunters and fishermen who use them, plus the guy who buys one for the family just to bounce around on. Right now the industry is selling about 30,000 a year, but we look for 100,000 annually very soon, and in 10 years I can see a market of 250,000."

A quarter of a million plastic June bugs scuttling around in the wilderness? Can there be that many Americans who will pay up to \$3,000 for the sensation of ultimate mobility? As the leading prophet of the industry, McCahill has yet to be disproved. After he and his partner, Roger Flannery, distributed another brand of ATV for a brief period, they opened the doors of ATV Manufacturing in 1968. Their first-year sales totaled \$200,000. In fiscal 1969 the company grossed \$3.5 million. Business has boomed on. A rugged, patented drive system that takes all kinds of punishment established Attex as a quality machine, and the company climbed past older manufacturers to lead the field.

Abercrombie & Fitch, that hallowed mart of patrician playthings, took on an Attex dealership, and suddenly owning an ATV had a certain cachet. Some major corporate executives and a few Arab monarchs (Arab monarchs are established automotive freaks and buy at least one of anything new) purchased them. Even the Marine Corps bought one to see how they would be for evacuating wounded troops. But for every king, soldier or tycoon who acquired an ATV, there were a hundred good old American consumers, dutifully going into debt again to support the latest fad. "Most of our customers are older blue-collar workers who buy ATVs for recreational use," says McCahill. "They look safer than snowmobiles or trail bikes, and the fact that you can use them all year round in any part of the country is a factor. We've got a special olive-drab camouflage model for hunters." Otherwise you can have any color you want in an Attex, as long as it is canary yellow.

Anything an American can ride on, he will try to race. It has been less than two years since an American Airlines flight engineer named Dexter Schultz bounced an Attex to victory in the first-ever all-terrain vehicle race over a nightmare 17-mile course in New Hampshire's

Ossipee Mountains, and this mud-soaked, bone-jarring brand of competition is catching on. An ATV "rally" is a mad flat-out scramble over hump-backed mounds that cause the competitors to make short-lived attempts at flight, and through fiendish mudholes. Comfortable as riding inside a concrete mixer, ATV racing has already become the domain of supple young men like 20-year-old Dock Scott, a McCahill employee who is currently the top ATV racer. Strapped into seats mounted on shock absorbers, Scott and his rivals crash and bang, flip and bounce, float and fly. "I don't know how much longer I can take it," admits the champion.

McCahill raced his own machines for a while. Then he, Flannery and his sales manager, a former North Texas State halfback named Jim Arrington, quit. "Somehow, getting covered with mud in the races didn't seem to be creating the right image with the so-called leaders of the industry," says McCahill.

Competition has escalated to a point where some specially modified ATVs can do better than 90 mph, and truly professional teams are being fielded by a number of manufacturers, including Attex. Racing has spawned NATVA (National All-Terrain Vehicle Association), which is attempting to bring order to the competition in the form of rules and safety regulations and to create a cohesive lobbying force for the dozens of ATV builders. New ones pop up nearly every day. While there are some 20 serious manufacturers, nearly 50 different companies, including the Sensation Manufacturing Co. of Ralston, Neb., Playcat International of Drummondville, Quebec and the Camel Manufacturing Company of Knoxville, Tenn. (whose ATV is named the Centipede), are in for a piece of the terrain. Model names include Coot, Pug, Beaver, Ferret, Wolverine, Lobo, Sidewinder and American Eagle, and the feline kingdom is well represented with such as the Amphicat, Play Cat, Cat-A-Gator and Fast Cat. Still other models utilize earthbound names: Terra-Tiger, Terra-Star, Terra-Jet. Where to place the Bazzoo I haven't a clue.

It is questionable how long the smaller ATV manufacturers can compete with Attex and other expertly managed operations. Sperry Rand is in the field with a madcap fat-tired Triacart—the only tri-cycle in the world that permits you to

vault a sand dune at 50 mph. A division of the W. R. Grace Company produces a six-wheel ATV, although McCahill happily claims that a member of the august Grace family operates an Attex on one of his estates. LTV, AMF and Lockheed all make larger eight- and 12-wheel units for military and industrial applications. Allis-Chalmers, the tractor outfit, builds the Terra-Tiger.

With all this activity, there is bound to be a collision between the ATV owners and builders on the one side and the conservationists and the Government on the other. Just as the flood tides of karts, motorcycles and snowmobiles have been checked by laws and public indignation, the ATV business seems due for similar limitations if it gets too big. However, McCahill, who is a powerful force in NATVA, intends to profit from the problems of his spiritual predecessors. "We are trying to get laws on the books now, so that the business can grow in an orderly fashion and we can nip the criticism in the bud," he says. McCahill notes that Michigan, where ATVs are especially big, is already considering a law to regulate their use. "As with snowmobiles, noise is a major problem, and we're working very hard to perfect mufflers that will make the vehicles quiet in the woods," he says.

Industry supporters say the puffy tires used on ATVs exert a mere 1½ pounds of pressure per square inch of ground. A few of the bravest—and apparently hungriest—ATV salesmen are willing to permit skeptical customers to drive over their prostrate bodies in order to demonstrate the gentle kiss of the treads. "A horse will do a hundred times more damage in the woods or fields than an ATV," claims David McCahill.

Nevertheless, the ATVs automatically will be linked with bikes, buggies and snowmobiles in the rising public outcry against the racket, trespass, litter and ecological upsets caused by all types of off-road vehicles. In a recent six-week period police in the Los Angeles area received 2,000 complaints about riders of recreational vehicles. Already some parks and land preserves are enforcing strict regulations concerning the use of such equipment. Just the same, David McCahill III, quantities of eager folk and the odd Arab monarch have no doubt that they will be transported into tomorrow in a plastic bathub mounted on six chubby tires. **END**

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Look who's back on the road again



JIM RYUN HITS THE HILLS IN TOPEKA

The heavy rain that had drenched Topeka, Kans. all day stopped toward late afternoon, leaving the streets full of puddles. A raw October wind made winter seem near, and indeed, as it became dark and the temperature dropped, the dampness in the air carried a hint of snow. In short, the weather was mean, ugly and uncomfortable—a lovely day for a run.

The jogger, dressed in a blue sweat suit, turned off Gage Boulevard on the outskirts of town and headed up the long hill on West 35th Street. To his right was a housing development, the farthest advance of growing Topeka. To his left was a field of sunflowers. Normally, he would have been running in the field, or in one like it, but it was soggy from the rain.

It soon became apparent that this was no ordinary jogger. His stride was long and powerful. He held his hands high and his fists were clenched, except for the thumbs which stuck straight up. His head was tilted slightly to one side. Familiar, somehow.

Nor would any ordinary jogger contemplate this training routine: a three-mile warmup followed by a dozen 2:30 half miles, each up a steep hill, and a slow one-mile run home. No, the jogger—make it runner—who just went barreling by on one of those halves was Jim Ryun, the world-record holder in the mile (3:51.1), the boy wonder, the disappointing silver medalist to Kipchoge Keino's gold at Mexico City, the troubled young man who abruptly stepped off the track in midrace at the National AAU's in Miami 16 months ago and, as far as most people could tell, off the edge of the earth as well.

Well, Kip, old buddy, here's the latest. Jim Ryun is in training again. He won't say what he has in mind—indoor season, outdoor, Munich—but coming up the hill on that gloomy Kansas evening, he was looking pretty intense.

There is no point in rehashing the depressing scene at Miami or trying to explain the reasons behind it, save for a few basics. In a mile that included Marty Liquori, who had beat him the week before in the NCAA's, Ryun, in good health, dropped out after one lap. He had quit several other races, too, sometimes because of injury, sometimes not. Even now Ryun finds it difficult to explain, but perhaps Mantle, Palmer and Namath would understand. From the

age of 17, when he became the first high school boy to run a sub-four-minute mile, until he was 22 and a national hero, Ryun was in the public eye. Almost anyone who is under pressure for that long at that tender age would crack. And anyone who has run seriously knows that sometimes the desire not to run can be overwhelming.

So Ryun quit, just like that. A few days later he got a postcard with a one-word message: "Quitter." There were others. And the press was roughing him up. After Ryun failed to finish a half-mile leg in the Drake Relays, a columnist proposed a plaque to commemorate the spot where he stopped. Here Is Where Jim Ryun Quit. "This should serve as an inspiration for future Drake Relay runners as they prepare to hit the backstretch," he wrote. Another reporter phrased it this way: "The nastiest four-letter word in sports is quit. It looks as if he'll have to enter the 100-yard dash to finish a race." And, from still another wit: "This writer votes for Herb Elliott as the best miler in history. Elliott finished what he started."

After Miami—Ryun says "after Miami" in much the same way one might say "after Pearl Harbor"—Ryun and his wife Anne stayed with her family, the Sniders, in Bay Village, Ohio, where he had a degree of privacy. The Ryuns had intended to tour Europe with the U.S. track team, but now he had no stomach for running or for the often devious politics of the sport. "I honestly didn't care if I ever ran again," Ryun recalls thinking.

While in Bay Village, Ryun received a phone call from Rich Clarkson, a close friend and the picture editor of the *Topeka Daily Capital and State Journal*, where he had worked as a photographer the previous four summers. Clarkson told him that a staff photographer had been killed in a car crash and that a job was open. Would he like it? Ryun already had a summer job at a bank in Lawrence, Kans. but it involved work he found distasteful—being on display at a desk by the front window and signing an occasional autograph. He accepted Clarkson's offer and began work at once, commuting to Topeka from his apartment in Lawrence.

By the end of the summer, when Ryun was about to begin his senior year at Kansas, he was so charged up about photography that he decided to switch his

continued



Thomas Dahl is wearing a tie by Peter Max and a Dry & Natural look by Command.

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PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER RYUN ZEROES IN

major from business to photojournalism. To do so and still graduate with his class, he had to take 19 hours. Since he had only one semester of cross-country eligibility left and didn't feel like running, Ryun decided not to go out for the team. Moreover, because of an academic meltdown following the Olympics, he lost his athletic scholarship. To pay the bills, Anne taught second grade.

It was a pleasant school year. Ryun studied hard and did no running, except for a few jogs with Anne, or, at Christmas in Bay Village, with his father-in-law, Moose Snider. Ryun's weight soared from 165 to 198. "I think it might have topped 200 in April," he says. "The 198 was just after a game of paddle ball."

Then, last May 18, Ryun began running again. There was no special reason for beginning on that date, other than that it happened to be the last day of classes and that he felt like running. He ran five miles. Ryun has been keeping a diary to record his progress. The first entry: "Last serious running effort June 28, 1969 in AAU prelims." There are notations on distances: "May 27-31: 4½ miles a day"; minor complaints: "Tired and sore"; and a few personal notes: "Mother-in-law here."

Here are other excerpts: "June 1: graduation from K.U." Although Ryun graduated with his class, he is one three-credit course (Elements of Advertising)

away from receiving his diploma and is taking a correspondence course to make it up. But, as he says, "I'd better start corresponding pretty soon."

"June 11-14: No running. Ill and took Army physical, which I failed because of back problems?" The question marks are because Ryun felt he would be turned down on account of his hearing, not his arthritic back. Then someone discovered that this was the Jim Ryun, and how bad can the back be if you can run a 3:51.1 mile? A second back test was ordered, which Ryun passed, but he failed this physical because his hearing is only 50% of normal due to a malformed inner-ear bone structure.

"June 21: Heather DeKlyn Ryun was born at 3:29 p.m.; 6 pounds 8 ounces, 19½ inches. Anne great."

Early in June, before Heather was born, the Ryuns moved from Lawrence to a modern two-family house in Topeka, and he became a full-time photographer for the *Capital-Journal*. He continued to run, jogging through the streets in the evening after the worst heat of the day. Folks along Skyline Drive would sit on their lawns and greet him as he went by. Children waited across the street for him to open his front door and set off. Ryun soon experienced many of the jogger's problems—dogs nipping at his heels, teenagers driving by and banging on the sides of their cars. "Kids aren't what they used to be," he says wistfully.

By September, Ryun had extended his workouts. "Twelve miles to Lake Sherwood in 1:15," he notes in his diary. "Ten in 63" and "fourteen in 1:32." To relieve boredom, he varied his courses, running all over town, past Governor Robert Docking's estate, Cedar Crest, and by Alf Landon's old, white-columned home. Landon is 83 now, but he is up early every morning riding horseback. He is a great fan of Ryun's and has often suggested that the two of them work out together some morning.

In September, Ryun began planning his workouts a full month ahead, drawing up a calendar on a large piece of cardboard and penciling in his intended distances. What he actually ran is written in ink. Pencil and ink don't always coincide. For example, "14 miles" is penciled in for Sept. 12, crossed out in ink and "rain-sick and dizzy" superimposed. But, generally, the distances and times show that Ryun had moved out

of the jogger class. On Mondays, one of his days off, he has been going to Lawrence to run with the Kansas cross-country team. Hence, "Sept. 14: Three-mile warmup. Six-mile time trials in 33:14—10th place." He also began running on weekends with his friend Conrad Nightingale, a former miler who is now at the Kansas State School of Veterinary Medicine and hopes to qualify in the steeplechase for the Munich Olympics.

Recently, Ryun began two-a-days—a leisurely run in the morning, a more taxing workout at night—and this is what he is doing now. Twice a week he must be at the paper by 7:30 a.m., so he rises and is out on the road while it is still dark. "You have to pick roads you know well," he says, "roads with no gravel or bumps. All I have to do is look at a stone to get a stone bruise."

The *Capital-Journal* is a 12-minute ride from home in Ryun's green Volkswagen station wagon, which is equipped with a two-way radio so that he can let the paper know where he is. To the *Capital-Journal*, Ryun is 22, as in Agent 22. When he starts the motor he reports, "Twenty-two in car."

In the office Ryun is regarded as just another staffer. He is tall, lean and conservatively dressed—dark blue blazer, button-down shirt, striped tie. His horn-rimmed glasses, which he wears because he is nearsighted, give him a scholarly look. He is mild-mannered—Jim Ryun, mild-mannered photographer for a small metropolitan daily—apparently incapable of anger, at least outright anger. It sometimes seems he isn't aggressive enough for his trade.

There has been a three-car collision on Topeka Boulevard. Ryun is assigned to check it out. He grabs his camera case and rushes from the building. "Twenty-two in car," he reports. A package of Melba toast is on the seat of the car, a sign that Heather was there. Ryun reaches the scene in one minute and discovers three cars bumper to bumper. Not very photogenic. He gets out of the car anyway and looks it over, then climbs back in. "Twenty-two returning to office," he radios. Later, a leather-goods store is robbed, but the owner doesn't want any pictures taken. There is nothing to shoot anyway.

That afternoon Ryun finally gets a picture. The *Journal* has a feature called "Cook of the Week." Ryun is assigned to shoot a Mrs. Sharp, next week's

winner. She is waiting in her apartment, dressed to the nines. Her kitchen is too small for pictures, she says, so she has set up a few empty dishes on the dining-room table. Nothing in them, mind you. She was told she didn't have to prepare her specialty, vegetable casserole, for the picture. Ryun asks Mrs. Sharp if she has anything that might serve as a centerpiece. Some flowers? she suggests. Ryun fetches them and places the vase in the center of the table. He attaches his strobe equipment and crouches. Mrs. Sharp smiles. Flash. Ryun rises and moves the vase of flowers one way, the casserole dish the other. He crouches again. Smile. Flash.

Ryun thanks Mrs. Sharp and packs his gear. She thanks him and asks, "Are you Jim Ryun the runner?" It generally comes sooner or later. Ryun says, yes, ma'am. "My husband has seen you jogging," she says. "We have lots of joggers in this apartment house and..."

Later Ryun explains that he never tells subjects who he is. "They tend to get all goopy," he says. When someone asks who's calling, he tells them the *Capital Journal*. But most people find out anyway. He can be photographing a Topeka executive and suddenly there are a couple of secretaries standing in the doorway, seeking an introduction and, well, acting all goopy. If this pains Ryun, he doesn't show it. He merely looks a trifle embarrassed.

The Ryun apartment is a clutter of equipment, baby and sports. Heather's swing hangs from the ceiling. Nearby is a teeter-totter. Behind it, on the floor and almost hidden in a corner, is the Sullivan Award. The silver medal from Mexico lies on an old steamer trunk. Track shoes are scattered about. One pair belongs to Anne, and surely the Ryuns must set a family record for difference in shoe sizes. He is 11½, she 3½.

By the front door is a large basket containing tennis rackets and balls, a basketball, several baseball gloves and two paddle-ball rackets. Yes, he is very much interested in all sports. "I watch the Monday-night football, the Sunday football—as much as I can," he says. "The guys in the office keep trying to get me out for the touch football team. I'd like to, but it's a rough game and the chance of injury..."

On a wall in the alcove is a painting of Ryun running the 3:51.1. The artist

continued

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is Gene McClain. "He was a good mil-er, a 4:05 miler," Ryun says; then, a moment later, adds, "Well, a fair miler." It's not a putdown, merely a correction.

It is evening at the Town Club on the 17th and top floor of Topeka's First National Bank Building. The Ryuns are having dinner out. Jim has on a dark gray suit with a vest. "Is a daiquiri O.K. to order before dinner?" he asks. A waitress with a mountain of silver hair brings one for Jim and one for Anne.

Ryun won't discuss why he has resumed training. If he did, it would create pressure. "I don't want to commit myself to anything," he says. But besides his training schedule there are signs that he is serious. On the day he started running again, Ryun flew to Austin, Texas to see Jack Daniels, the assistant track coach at the University of Texas and a research physiologist. There Ryun underwent tests involving skin folds to determine how much body fat he had, and he breathed into bags to gauge his oxygen debt. Daniels had tested Ryun before, so he was able to compare his condition. He has since tested Ryun in Kansas, and indications are that he has regained most of his stamina.

While Ryun won't admit that Munich is his goal, the city keeps cropping up in conversations. Anne asks the price of renting a house there in, oh, say, 1972. When she is told \$5,000, she nearly faints. Ryun listens to a theory that man reaches his physical peak at 25. "Good," he says. "That's how old I'll be for Munich." He also asks about Li-quo-ri, what he's up to, if he's running. When he in turn is asked to describe the perfect setting for the race of his life, he says: "About 70°, no particular track, top competition. Only the competition matters." Does that mean Keino and Liqueur? "That's right," Ryun says, and behind the bland expression, the horn runs and the gray vest, you can almost hear the competitive juices bubbling.

But he says no more, so we must guess. How about a semisecret mile at the K.U. indoor track against K.U. runners? If that goes well, a return to competitive running at an indoor meet this winter—Los Angeles, maybe, or New York. After that, selected races and more intensive training. And, of course, Munich has to be it. As his friend and boss Rich Clarkson says: "You can bet Jim isn't getting ready for the ME SAC Relays." **END**

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The state of Oregon is trying to make up its mind about a group of strangers with odd names like . . .

Geoff Who? and Mod Todd

Two months ago, shortly after he arrived in Portland, Ore. for preseason practice, Geoff Petrie took his paycheck to the First National Bank. Petrie was the first draft choice of the NBA expansion Trail Blazers, and First National carries the Blazers' account; in fact, the bank had printed the team's schedule as a giveaway gimmick. Still the teller hesitated to cash Petrie's check. She had never heard of the organization that had issued it.

By last week conditions had changed—somewhat. Again Petrie, who had just

LAYING ONE IN over Cleveland, Petrie helps Portland avoid stigma as worst new team.

completed a very good exhibition season, wanted to cash a paycheck, and this time the teller recognized the name Trail Blazers. Now what she wanted to know was, Who is Geoff Petrie?

One might safely assume that professional basketball has not exactly overwhelmed Portland, which is a bit hard to explain since the Blazers, unlike their expansion colleagues in Buffalo and Cleveland, are the first major-league of any kind in their state. But Portland's loyalty to minor league hockey and the tendency of Blazers management to hire unknowns for important jobs have tempered the response. When Petrie, an unpublished 6' 4" guard from Princeton, was announced as the team's first pick in the college draft, headlines in the Portland papers asked "Geoff Who?" Those same papers had wondered "Rolland Who?" only a few weeks earlier when the Blazers hired Rolland Todd of the University of Nevada at Las Vegas as their coach. Before that the question had been "Sta Who?" when Stu Inman, the former San Jose State coach who had been selling sneakers, was given the job of running the team's scouting program.

In fact, the only members of the Portland organization—players or management—whose names were not followed by question marks when the season began were General Manager Harry Glickman and Jim Barnett, the ex-San Diego Rocket who holds all the University of Oregon scoring records. Barnett is one of only three Blazers who have ever averaged in double figures as pros, and the trade of Larry Siegfried to the Rockets to obtain Barnett was one of the few early moves by Portland that was not challenged by a bewildered "Who's he?" Glickman, a slight, 46-year-old native of Portland, is nearly as much of a novice at pro basketball as the rest of the Blazers. In the past few years he has occasionally brought the pros to Oregon for one-night stands, but his reputation as a sports promoter is based substantially on the extraordinary success he has had running the city's minor league hockey franchise.

Glickman began trying to obtain a pro basketball team for Portland 12 years ago and thought he had one for sure when he went to an NBA board of gov-

ernors' meeting in Philadelphia last January. At that time he had guarantees of \$2.5 million in local backing, the amount that was supposed to have been the asking price for membership in the league. In the process of hesitating over expansion the NBA owners upped the price, though the league was still adjusting to two expansions in the previous three seasons. The ante was raised to \$3.7 million, a figure well beyond the Portland resources. Glickman managed to win a franchise a month later, but the team ended up with absentee ownership. The three biggest shareholders live in California, Washington and New Jersey, a potentially distasteful situation if the team is not a quick success at the gate.

The day after the franchise was granted, Glickman hired Stu Who? and it was Inman who made up the list of player preferences that led to Petrie's first-round selection. The choice was considered a good one by basketball men but was disconcerting to those Oregonians who had never heard of him and who were aware that UCLA's John Vallely and Niagara's Calvin Murphy were still available. Portland's second choice, Walt Gilmore, was even less reassuring. A promising 6' 6" package of unpurified muscles and speed, Gilmore played for Fort Valley State (Ga.), a school that sounds as if it might have been Charlie Weaver's alma mater. "We promised ourselves we wouldn't lose our guts after we got into the draft," says Glickman. "In both the college draft and the expansion draft we decided to take what we thought were the best players, regardless of where they were from or who they were."

Substantially the same philosophy applied in finding a coach. Unlike most college coaches, who sneer at pro jobs until they get one, Todd admits that he had been looking for one all along. His teams at Nevada-Las Vegas played a high-praised pro-style offense, and the school earned recognition as a rapidly improving power in the NCAA's College Division. Still few of the Blazers had ever heard of him before arriving in Portland. "I did know about him, but it was only by accident," says Petrie. "He was on a recruiting trip in the East last year, and he came to Princeton to see us play. After the game he went out with the coaches. They came in the next day and said, 'Hey, you gotta see this wild guy from Nevada. He was wearing

high-heeled boots and a mink coat?"

Although his mink is only imitation, Rolland Who? is quickly becoming Mod Todd in Portland. A handsome man of 36, he is likely to develop into something of a local idol. Last week he figured the weather was not quite cold enough to break out his furs, so in his off hours he wore buckskin trousers, a brocaded vest and a full-length leather coat. For Friday's game in Seattle he put on a black blazer with red piping, black patent-leather boots and black-and-red bell-bottoms. On the bench his cool is downright uncoachy—on occasion he has fallen asleep waiting for a game to start. When the action begins he rarely does more than twist a towel in his hands.

Long before the end of the season he may need the towel to mop up the tears. The Blazers will not win many games, although by beating Cleveland twice last month they proved they are not the worst of the expansion teams. But hockey-oriented Portland fans will have trouble adjusting to any kind of a loser, since their Western Hockey League Buckeroos have had the best record in professional hockey over the past 10 years. Coming to watch the Blazers will require a major switch in attitudes. "They'll have to change from looking forward to seeing the home players to seeing the visiting stars," says John White, who handles public relations for both hockey and basketball teams.

The crowds at Blazer games so far have been surprisingly unself-conscious in the sparsely filled 13,000-seat Memorial Coliseum. Oregon basketball, on the high school and college levels, has been dominated for years by the deliberate style of former Oregon State Coach Slats Gill. The faster pro style won quick converts during the Blazers' first game, when the team used four consecutive fast breaks to take the lead in the second period and then go on to defeat Cleveland. The cheering has been throaty and sustained ever since.

With Alcindor, Reed, West and Monroe soon to come to town, the enthusiasm should increase. And even those skeptics described by Harry Glickman as "a little smide" about Portland's first draft choice are finding out who Geoff Who? is. He's leading the team with 25 points a game and could turn out to be a sleeper for Rookie of the Year honors. That's who.

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*Trophies, those shiny artifacts of sport, often
of theft, fire, burial*



*have checkered histories. But be their past one
or deceit, the winners who receive them always glory . . .*

by PAT RYAN

IN THEIR CUPS

CONTINUED



This thing was occupying a window seat on United's Flight 232 out of San Francisco—a five-foot trophy of chrome with a blue velvet crown nestled among columns, above that a platform of rampant eagles, above that a loving cup and above that, supreme, a boxing figure. The morning after his world championship victory over Jerry Quarry, Jimmy Ellis was not trusting his heavy-weight prize to anyone. It was flying right along with him in its own first-class \$217 seat to Louisville.

In London on another day in another year, Arnold Palmer toyed a wooden box into Heathrow Airport. Stickers and seals were peeling from its sides, the corners were splintering apart. Standing in a press of porters, airline officials and customs authorities, Palmer undid the catch of the old box, reached inside and pulled from a green sock the one item of his baggage he was not letting out of his hands—the slender silver British Open cup.

A major sports trophy is the prize of superlative men—the strongest, swiftest, deftest—and therein lies its true fascination. Money could not buy Jimmy Ellis' garish monument or Palmer's antique pitcher encrusted with its golfing history. Achievement earned them. The exhilaration of winning moments fades, purse moneys are spent, but the trophies remain. Without them the magnificent performances of sport would be obscured, reduced to lines in a record book, faded newspaper and a few men's reminiscences. Were it not for their venerable trophies, emotional competitions like the World Cup, the Stanley Cup and the America's Cup might never have attained their present prominence. Not long ago a British sportswriter described the America's Cup, quite accurately, as that "tatty old cup, with a hole in the bottom of it, bolted to the table at the New York Yacht Club." The vase, at most, cost \$500 when it was new in 1851, yet yachtsmen have spent close to \$100 million trying to win it. Indeed, what price glory?

With age, the major prizes of sport have developed legends epic as the Holy

Grail. Some have served as funeral urns, flowerpots and bowls for holding chewing gum. Others have been pawned, buried, counterfeited and lost at sea—only to be recovered all the richer in tradition.

Consider the drama of the Woodlawn Vase, a Tiffany creation that is the trophy for the Preakness. It is supposed to have been buried during the Civil War to prevent Union soldiers from turning it into bullets. One can conjure up that scene—live oaks, cascading wisteria, a stately columned portico on the Lexington road. The war news comes on horseback: Union soldiers are surging south! Picture the mistress of the plantation. Surely her husband and sons are at the front. Swiftly she packs the racing trophies into a steamer trunk, calls a trusted servant and...

Pimlico racetrack tells this tale better than Bruce Catton ever would. It is a sterling story, and no matter if a descendant of the family that owned the trophy at the time won't vouch for it. He says, "The story is not unbelievable. It has been repeated for years. However, anything of value considered not safe on the Kentucky plantation was probably sent away."

The Woodlawn Vase might have been left in Kentucky when other valuables were shipped off, because, despite its ba-

roque splendor, it was worth only \$1,000 at the time. As Tiffany trophies went in those days, it ranked as a bibelot. For 50 years before it became the Preakness prize in 1917, the vase was handed out at various race meetings in places like Elizabeth, N.J. and Coney Island. Now the trophy is valued at \$50,000, and it is locked in the vault of a Baltimore jeweler.

It was after the Woodlawn Vase became the Preakness trophy that the race attained sporting prominence, and this poses a question. Does the trophy make the event or the event the trophy? The Stanley Cup was an unpretentious bowl when it was first offered. Now silver base has been piled upon silver base and the trophy resembles nothing so much as a magnificent barrel. More than \$14,000 has been spent altering a cup that cost Lord Stanley \$48.67. His lordship was named Governor General of Canada in 1888, and on his arrival from England he became an ice hockey enthusiast. He built his own rink, had his own team and in 1893 put up a trophy to be awarded annually to the leading amateur hockey club of Canada. Things soon began to happen to the Governor General's prize. In 1905 the Ottawa Silver Seven won the cup, and on their way home a celebrating member of the



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WOODLAWN VASE

Yankee looters wanted it, but the Preakness prize was buried deep in the Confederacy.

team boasted he could drop-kick it into a nearby canal. Fortified by strong wine and goaded by his teammates, the athlete succeeded, and the hockey players went to bed leaving the cup on the canal bottom. The next morning, discovering the trophy was missing, they returned to the canal and fished it out.

A year later a Montreal championship team took the cup to a photographer's studio to sit for a portrait. They got the picture but forgot the cup. Several weeks passed. The photographer's mother filled the pretty bowl with earth, planted geraniums in it and placed it in the studio window, where it stayed for months. On still another occasion the cup was kept in a bowling alley, where it was heaped high with chewing gum.

Even after it had become the symbol of professional hockey supremacy, the Stanley Cup continued to suffer indignities. On the way to one Montreal victory celebration the car carrying the cup had a flat and, while the spare tire was being put on, the cup was removed and placed on a curb. The players drove away, and it was not until sometime later they realized the cup was gone. They drove back and found it, right where they had left it.

Despite its troubles, the Stanley Cup is far from the hardest of sports tro-

phies. For example, in 1955 trotting's Hambletonian bowl was swept to sea off Cape Cod in a hurricane. Several days later it washed ashore with the help in Fairhaven, Mass.

The earliest sports trophies of modern times were given to the winners of horse races. They were bells and porringers engraved with such verses as:

*From Asby Maske on St. Mark Day
The swiftest horse brought this away.*

Some of these prizes, which date from Elizabethan times, are still awarded annually in England. But Britain's premier turf classic, the Epsom Derby, has no traditional trophy. Every year a new cup—and lately they have been of quite modern design—is handed out.

Perhaps the reason the Derby has no elaborately conceived prize is the rather casual way the race was founded. In 1778 Lord Derby held a party at his home, The Oaks, near Epsom and during the evening it was decided to run a race the following year on the local heath and name it after Derby's house. The 1779 Oaks was such a successful affair that another race was suggested for 1780. Lord Derby and his good friend, Sir Charles Bunbury, flipped a coin to decide which of them the new race would honor. Derby won—hence the Epsom Derby. If he had lost, a race known as

the Epsom Bunbury would now be England's greatest stake. And they would be holding the Kentucky Bunbury each year at Churchill Downs.

The Kentucky Derby began as something of a pickup competition, too. Records of the first Derby in 1875 are skimpy, but newspaper accounts indicate that the winners of two other stakes at the Louisville meeting received handsome silverware, while the Derby winner did not. His owner took home nothing but the \$2,850 purse. In fact, the Derby did not rate a trophy until 1921.

The extravagant Belmont Stakes trophy, with its edging of oak leaves and acorns, horse statues and taut of handiwork, was made by Tiffany at the turn of the century. A few years ago when Tiffany's president, Walter Hoving, was asked if the store would like to exhibit the trophy in one of its windows, he politely declined. "It's just too homey," he explained. This might apply to lots of Tiffany's period pieces for sport. On exhibit at Aqueduct racetrack is a trophy Tiffany made in 1902 showing a thoroughbred and *Winged Victory* sprinting wing and hoof toward a photo finish. History never looked so close to defeat.

Tiffany's modern line of trophies is simpler in concept. The store keeps stock items such as a silver baseball (\$275), a silver spittoon (\$250)—"It's a very nice shape and has been used for a rodeo-riding prize," a salesman explains) and a regulation-size silver hockey puck (\$300). But the most meaningful buy for the sports fan who spends Sundays—and Saturdays and Mondays—quarterbacking is the silver football. It sells for only \$800 and is a duplicate of the one Tiffany uses each year in making up the Super Bowl trophy. The Super Bowl award is a straight-off-the-rack model, because by the time the AFL and NFL agreed to hold a championship playoff it was too late to make a more distinctive trophy from scratch. Tiffany took one of its silver footballs, mounted it in kickoff position on a sterling base and sent it over to Pete Rozelle with a bill for \$2,000.

The selection of a new World Cup

continued



WORLD CUP

Soccer's golden trail now belongs to Brazil unless that is really a counterfeiter they have done in Rio.



STANLEY CUP

It cost \$48.67, was kicked into a canal and got left on a Montreal sidewalk.

IN THEIR CUPS *continued*

for soccer will hardly be so hasty. For 40 years, until Brazil retired it last June with its third win, the gold Jules Rimet trophy had been coveted by over 70 soccer-playing nations. The World Cup induced joy and frenzy in millions of fans and had a magic that no athletic award has ever matched. Just 12 inches tall and weighing only nine pounds, the cup was the work of a Parisian goldsmith named Abel Lafleur, who, it seems, was a fervent believer in the cause of Alfred Dreyfus. When Dreyfus was sentenced, Lafleur attempted suicide, leaping into the Seine. But the water cooled his ardor—it was late February—and he swam ashore to a less stimulating life that included a steady income from striking medals for the French soccer federation. In 1929 the president of the federation commissioned a trophy for a world soccer competition. Ever the idealist, Lafleur produced in pure gold a statue of *Winged Victory* holding aloft in a laurelbound vessel the fruits of success.

The goldsmith must have winced at the fanaticism his statue inspired. In 1938 Italy won the prize and Mussolini boasted that the trophy symbolized the victory of Fascism. Just where the World Cup spent the war years is a matter of considerable controversy. According to one story the statue was smuggled to The Netherlands and kept by a farmer under his bed. Another version places it in Switzerland. And still another, told in Italy, is that the trophy was hidden in a cupboard in a house near the Vatican. One morning in 1944 German SS officers are supposed to have arrived and demanded the cup. They were invited in, several bottles of Reno wine were opened and the Germans mellowed and dropped the subject.

When Brazil retired the World Cup this year, defeating Italy in the final game, a rumor began circulating in Rome that the South Americans had been stuck with a phony trophy. Eugenio Danese, Italy's top soccer writer, reported that he had been told the authentic trophy was buried in the Puglia region of south-



In Tiffany's classic race, it was "Winged Victory" in a head.

ern Italy. His story is involved. In the spring of 1966 the cup was stolen while being displayed at a stamp show in London. Eight days later it was found, wrapped in newspaper, by an acquisitive dog named Pickles in the garden of a southeast London home. But Danese has been told the cup that was recovered is not the original. A man from Puglia is supposed to have been in London at the time of the theft, met the thief and given him a \$10,000 deposit just to borrow the cup for a few days. He had an exact copy made and returned the copy to the thief, taking the original back to Italy, where he buried it.

Even without this added twist, the World Cup theft and the ensuing chase had all the elements of a thriller. Scotland Yard, a slim, sallow fugitive who was believed to have a scarred face, a \$37,500 ransom demand, a detective-inspector named Leonard Buggy, a black van driving slowly on the Kennington Park Road, men leaping over garden walls, and finally—with by now all England breathless—Pickles. The dog even became a television star.

After its recovery the English kept the World Cup in bank vaults and named a custodian for it. He was a football association accountant, Ken Young. When the 1970 World Cup matches approached, Young had mixed feelings. "Naturally I wanted us to win again," he said, "but, my goodness, if we did I wasn't at all keen on another four years of looking after the blessed thing."

Living with a precious trophy can be discomfiting. The story is told of one young U.S. Amateur winner who took his cup home and proudly displayed it

on the mantel. It stayed there until one evening when he invited a jeweler friend to dinner. The guest ruined the golfer's appetite by informing him the gold loving cup was probably worth \$10,000. Surprised and worried, the champion put in a late-evening call to Joseph C. Dey, then the executive director of the U.S. Golf Association, who was sleeping soundly in New York. Was the trophy really worth that much? the golfer wanted to know. Absolutely, said Dey. The young man spent a restless night and the cup was in a safe-deposit box the next morning.

One of the most costly awards that a winner gets to keep forever is the \$10,000 jeweled, gold, velvet-plush and alligator Hickok Belt, which goes to the professional athlete of the year. It is generally regarded by the winners—and not because of its financial value—as the ultimate award, elevating the athlete above all his fellow professionals. "To be voted the best of the pros is a real honor," Willie Mays declares. Maury Wills, however, has no such warm sentiments about his Hickok Belt. He removed a diamond to make a ring for his wife and when the Internal Revenue Service found out it forced Wills to pay income tax on the entire belt. If an athlete detaches even one diamond chip, the IRS men close in. Wills fought the case in court but lost.

Other Hickok winners have cannibalized their belts for jewelry, too. Ingemar Johansson turned the 26 one-half-carat diamonds on his into a necklace for his wife Birgit. When they were divorced he argued no attempt to get the jewels back. He has replaced the diamonds with fakes and says the belt still looks as good as ever.

The Hickok Manufacturing Company patterned its award after *Ring* magazine's famous boxing belts. Though worth only about one-tenth of the Hickok, these continue to be avidly sought by fighters as esteemed badges of success. The *Ring* belts are gold-plated, beribboned and set with semiprecious stones. What does a *Ring* belt represent? Muhammad Ali says, "I'll tell you. My career—14 years

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IN THEIR CUPS *continues*

of hard fighting, both as an amateur and a professional. When I was having all my legal problems I thought of having a public burning of the belt. I felt the burning of the belt, with its red, white and blue colors, would show the injustice of what was happening. But I'm glad I didn't burn it. It is what I've got to show. It wouldn't be honorable to do anything to it or change it. I'm going to keep it like it is."

Once Ali's belt almost was burned. It happened on the night Malcolm X was murdered. That evening Ali and his assistant trainer, Bundini Brown, were eating in a Turkish restaurant in Chicago when Ali learned the apartment house in which he lived, and where the belt was kept, was on fire. "When we got there the building was covered with icicles," Bundini remembers. "I thought about the belt. I know that you can't ride the subway wearing it, but it means something. I went up the wooden stairs behind the apartment. It was slippery, all the water turning into ice. When I got to the apartment, about five flights up, the living-room floor was burned out I could look down two floors through the hole. I walked around the edge and went to the closet. The belt was in a box and I took it with me. When I was fired by Ali, I carried it with me to New York." Bundini later used the belt as collateral for a \$500 loan, which was eventually repaid. Both the belt and Bundini have since returned to Ali.

The hock shop price of an award has little to do with its sporting value, of course. The flag that flew all summer at Shea Stadium, emblematic of the Mets' 1969 World Series win, was stitched up last winter by a sporting-goods house for a few hundred dollars. The Met front office had ordered a glorious "real" World Series banner from a flag company in New York City. But that firm never came through. "We are very busy," they told Mets Promotion Director Arthur Richman when he com-

plained in June of the delay. Two months later the company was still busy, but not on the Mets' banner. By September the Mets had lost two pennant races—this year's and last year's. Richman canceled the order.

A certain trail of things undelivered, uncollected or not being what they seem runs through the trophy business. For all the mystique of Olympic gold medals, it turns out they are not gold at all, just silver like the second-place ones. For years frugal host countries were using so little gold wash to cover the first-place medals that they often wore bare and looked silver. Ten years ago the International Olympic Committee decided



Winners like Palmer and Mays value their Hickok Belts above all bangles.

to set some minimum standards. The first-place medal now must be made of at least 925/1,000 fine silver (which is sterling) and gilded with six grams of gold. The cost to the host country is about \$40 per medal. This may appear miserly, but remember that nearly 400 gold medals are handed out at an Olympics.

Considerably more stingy was the British nobleman, Earl Grey, who provided the Grey Cup, the award for Canada's pro football championship. The Grey Cup game has been extolled as "a lively manifestation of Canadian culture." It puts the whole Dominion into a flap. The prime minister tries a ceremonial kickoff and gets political points if he performs well. But as trophies go, the Grey Cup is probably the cheapest and most ordinary presented in any big-time sport competition. First, it is not made of sil-

ver but of soft metals with a coat of silver plate. The cup cost less than \$50 when it was donated by Earl Grey and would be worth considerably less now. Like Lord Stanley before him, Earl Grey was a Governor General and a sports buff. In 1909 he announced he was offering a challenge cup for the rugby football championship of Canada. All Canada prepared for the event. Two weeks prior to the game someone wrote to the Governor General's secretary suggesting that the earl's cup should soon be in the hands of the football authorities. But on Dec. 4, 1909, when the first Grey Cup game was played, there was no cup. Finally it arrived, but when it was taken from its box it was found to have no inscription. Trying to give the Governor General the benefit of the doubt, the

football men suggested there might have been an oversight on the part of the manufacturer.

Correspondence continued and finally Earl Grey seemed willing to commit himself to pay for a "very simple inscription." Frustrated by the long delays, the football association went ahead and paid for the engraving. The Governor General was informed that "the work has been very well done and the appearance of the cup is considerably improved thereby. The base sent out from the old country was quite inadequate, being too small. The cup did not look well on it and it would have been quite impossible for the winning teams to have affixed shields recording their names." A bill was sent along to the Governor General, but there is no record indicating he ever paid it.

After the earl's departure from Canada, and despite the fact the engraving on the cup read—and still reads—"For the Amateur Rugby Football Championship of Canada," the Grey Cup became a pro football prize. In the years since, it has been lost and smoke-blackened and left by thieves in a locker in the Royal York Hotel basement, but it is still around telling more about one Governor General of Canada than history books ever will.

continued

IN THEIR CUPS continued

Sports trophies are sometimes revealing of both men and motives. Last June a publicity-conscious Louisville firm, Schott Trophies, donated a 6' 2" trophy for the Kentucky Thoroughbred Pro Celebrity Golf Tournament. Such largesse was designed to dwarf the tournament winner and it did, for he was 5' 10" Bob Murphy. But that cup was a toy compared with one a Baltimore man received a few years ago for winning a midjet-car race. His was nine feet by four feet and weighed close to 400 pounds.

Martini & Rossi, the vermouth firm, has an awards program for the more elegant sports—yachting, point-to-point racing, fencing, tennis and such. "Our product does not cost much, just \$3 or so a bottle," a company spokesman explains, "but we want it known as a luxury product. Our vermouth is something not sold to winos. Yachtsmen, fencers, point-to-point people drink it."

In the American Basketball Association's first season it was trying mightily to outdo the NBA wherever it could. One place it could was with its trophies, which were a couple of feet taller than the rival league's.

Among commercially motivated sports prizes, the mammoth Borg-Warner trophy of the Indianapolis 500 race is the most prominent and probably the most valuable—it is insured for \$52,000. Thirty-five years ago the manufacturer of automotive parts offered it for the first time, and since then the sides of the 80-pound cup have been decorated with gargoylelike metal sculptures of the successful Indy drivers. The trophy's handles are enormous wings, and stylized racing cars round a frieze. On top of the cup is a naked flagman who has watched impassively as beauties like Linda Darnell, eyes closed, gave themselves unto the embraces of the victors.

Another annual witness to the Indy celebration scene, and just about as mute as the flagman, is Jack Mackenzie, a high school science teacher who is the trophy's keeper. For 17 years Mackenzie has carried the trophy on race day from the starting line to Victory Lane, 400 yards away. "When the temperature is 95° and the trophy has been soaking up the sun all afternoon, that walk can

be the longest in the world," he says.

Mackenzie got his custodian's job in 1953 while he was a student at Butler University. He went to the Speedway looking for work that would let him see the race. At 6' 5" and 200 pounds, he was well qualified for trophy carrying. Annual photographs in Victory Lane since then show Mackenzie growing bald and slightly paunchy through the years. Now he begins doing push-ups and sit-ups in April to get in shape for his trophy walk. "I could drop it if I wasn't in condition," he says. During the month preceding the race Mackenzie keeps the cup in his home in suburban Indianapolis. If the family goes out of the house, a trophy-sitter is hired.

The Indy prize was made by Chicago's Spaulding & Company, the jeweler that also designed the Masters golf trophy, a four-foot-by-four-foot, \$30,000 silver facsimile of the Augusta National clubhouse. "It took 18 months to make it," says Gordon Lang, president of Spaulding. "When I was asked to construct a trophy for the Masters, I went down to Augusta with the idea of trying to design something novel as a perpetual trophy. The most cherished thing there was the clubhouse, so I employed a photographer and we spent three days taking pictures from all four sides and from the tops of nearby buildings." So exact is the silver version which resulted that the blinds on the windows close tightly, except for one. As in the clubhouse at Augusta, the first window on the first floor, west side, is faulty. The Masters' champions do not get to bring the toy building home—it weighs 125 pounds—but receive instead a plaque with the clubhouse in bas-relief.

Valued, too, at the Masters is another form of trophy, Steuben crystal vases, urns and highball glasses that are awarded for eagles, double eagles, holes in one and the day's low score. Using tools that are centuries old in design—they do not vary from ones that appear in Diderot's 1751 encyclopedia—Steuben's glassblowers in Corning, N.Y. shape molten glass into pieces fit for kings. U.S. Presidents have long given Steuben glass to their visitors—to royalty from England, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Ethiopia, to de Gaulle, Adenauer, Neh-

ru and Khrushchev. The Masters glassware is made in the same furnaces and by the same craftsmen.

Five or six men, each with a skill attained in a lengthy apprenticeship, have a hand in the making of each piece of glass. After they have finished, the piece is cooked (a process that sometimes takes seven days, depending on the thickness of the glass), polished, engraved, inspected and, if it is finally approved, signed with a diamond pen.

Cartier, Inc. of New York, Chicago and Palm Beach is another quality maker of sports awards. On the fifth floor of Cartier, New York, a goldsmith worked for almost a month recently soldering hundreds of 18-carat leaves to the branches of a small sapling. The finished product was a trophy for a horse race at New Jersey's Monmouth Park.

Sculptors are another group of artisans working in the trophy trade. In the 1930s when New York's Downtown Athletic Club decided to honor the outstanding college football player, the club's athletic director, John Heisman, went to the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn and asked for the name of a promising sculptor. The teachers recommended a recent graduate, Frank Eliscu. Heisman summoned the young artist, explained what was needed and Eliscu soon produced some wax models. But Heisman and Columbia Coach Lou Little felt Eliscu needed some realistic demonstrations of good football style. They tackled each other and threw blocks for Eliscu's benefit. Finally, a model satisfied them and the Heisman award was cast. This was Eliscu's first commission. He received a \$500 fee and was promised \$40 each time a reproduction of the football player was made. Since then he has achieved notable success, and in 1948 was named a member of the National Sculpture Society. The original Heisman model stands in his studio in Easton, Conn. "It was an honest piece of work," he says now. "I put into it the best I had then. I might not do it that way today. It is too static and there is that awful grimace on the face. In art you try not to have an expression on a face, but Mr. Heisman insisted on a grimace. He kept saying football players were fighters." At least one Heisman winner, Roger Staubach, continued



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bach, has found his replica of the statue too much to live with. He has banished it to his daughters' toy closet, and the girls enjoy riding it like a hobby horse. "If I make it as a pro, I'll put it on display in the living room," Staubach says. "Until then my daughters can have it."

The Heisman football player's outfit has become so dated it appalls sculptor Eliscu. "It's almost embarrassing," he says, "but I guess with age it becomes more acceptable, like the Statue of Liberty." Yet Eliscu's problem is nothing compared to that of mass trophy manufacturers, the men who annually sell \$100 million worth of those stiff bronzed figures—golfers, bowlers, halfbacks, Little Leaguers. Each time football helmets or uniforms change, these companies are stuck with old-line models.

Manufacturers could protect themselves against uniform changes, says Bill Louth, president of Medallion Art, the company that strikes the championship medals for the NCAA, Big Ten, IC4A and the Drake and Penn Relays. His solution is simple. "All figures should be nude. Then they are timeless. A uniform or clothing can be dated by year, place and environment. The caps and numerals on baseball uniforms have changed; track shorts used to be longer; and now you have the bikini swimming trunks." So the NCAA ice skating medal shows a figure coasting along in nothing but skates. A baseball pitcher is poised mid-pitch, naked but for his glove. A tennis player appears nude with his racket.

Louth himself was the model for the NCAA golf medal. A 19-handicapper, he insisted that the medallion portray an adequate golf swing. "O.K.," said the artist, "bring your clubs up to the studio and I'll copy yours." Pleased with the notion, Louth arrived on a Saturday morning. He pulled an iron from his golf bag and began to pose. "Strip," said the artist. Louth took off his shirt and trousers and picked up his golf club again. "Strip," ordered the sculptor. So the president of a half-million-dollar company, maker of the nation's war medals and the Pulitzer Prize awards, spent his day teeing up a golf ball in the buff.

Perhaps the undraped figure is too dar-

ing—at least, trophy companies believe it is—to appeal to All-America tastes. Catering to the mass trophy market are companies like Dodge Inc. in Crystal Lake, Ill. and L.G. Balfour in Attleboro, Mass. Bill Caldwell, the sales manager of Dodge, estimates that trophy sales average \$50 for every American—man, woman and child—each year. Dodge, which is the country's largest trophy manufacturer, stamps out over 600 different kinds of sports figures to top its cups. It provides typical stock items, but also markets screw-on statues for sports like tug-of-war, snowmobiling, coon hunting, kite flying, jet-plane racing and grass growing. Dodge's best-selling figures are bowlers: more than two million of them are purchased every year, which is one for every 15 bowlers in America.

Balfour draws some of this trade, too, but its special pride is custom work. The company makes the golden, beflagged trophy that the baseball commissioner has been giving to the world champions for the last four years. (The Mets is sitting beside the Shea telephone switchboard.) Baseball, as a sport, has few trophies, but it does have a long-standing tradition of giving rings to pennant-winning players. Such rings are Balfour's specialty. The company also supplies them for pro basketball and football and some bowl-game winners. With every new championship team hoping for rings bigger and flashier than the last, the awards have become jeweled monuments to bad taste. Yet they can cost up to \$1,200 apiece. Balfour considers its superbauble to be the ring it made for football player Bronko Nagurski. His fingers were so enormous that the ring measured 4½ inches around.

The larger the prize, and the gaudier, the more desirable it seems to be. "People in this country think the size of the award is a measure of its importance," says Bill Louth. "The more gilded pillars and eagles the better. It is like the American propensity for big, bright, shiny automobiles."

Whatever the psychology involved, the trophy had no mass appeal elsewhere. "The Swedes give such little trophies you can carry them around in your palm," says Ingemar Johansson. "When

the Americans give something, it's almost as big as you are." In France the Tour de France victor receives no trophy, just colored sweaters. In England a man like Fred Perry, three-time singles winner at Wimbledon, has no silverware to show for it. He never even saw the cups he played for; they were kept permanently in the vault of the Bank of England. When he learned of their existence following World War II, Perry asked if he could perhaps have a replica of the singles prize. "I was told they were expensive," he said, "and if I wanted one I would have to pay for it—about 30 pounds [\$72]. At which point I lost interest."

The golfer who wins the British Open retains the championship cup for one year but gets only a half-dollar-sized gold medal to keep for good. When Arnold Palmer won the title he wanted something more and at his own expense had a replica of the cup made. Bobby Jones also has a replica. England's Tony Jacklin, on the other hand, didn't even bother having his name engraved on the trophy, nor did South African Gary Player. Until 1960 the U.S. Golf Association followed the British practice of awarding medals, not trophies, as permanent prizes to its champions. But U.S. golfers complained, and to appease them the USGA began giving trophies to take home.

So for Americans, at least, a trophy is a crowning glory, precious no matter what the metal. And it merits celebration. All who saw it will long remember the wild scene at Oak Hill Country Club two years ago when the U.S. Open trophy lurched and bobbed over the heads of Lee Trevino and his friends as they waved happily victorious toward the parking lot. Frank Hannigan, a USGA official, was peering anxiously from a clubhouse window. He had, just minutes earlier, solemnly entrusted the cup to the most responsible-looking of Lee's friends. "I am never going to see that trophy again," thought Hannigan. But the following June, Trevino brought the cup back to be played for once more—the 69th time. Great trophies have a way of enduring, of coming back to us as reminders of what is best, and was best.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE SERIES

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate William Leggett for his very fine article on the World Series (*Flying Start for the Big Red Machine*, Oct. 19). I especially liked the pictures. I felt as though I was there in the stands.

BRUCE PRICE

Muskogee, Okla.

Sirs:

Your World Series issue deserves praise. William Leggett told it like it is. It was inevitable that Baltimore would win, throughout the season the Orioles showed themselves to be outstanding and all together.

TODD BROWN

Ridgewood, N.J.

Sirs:

For one who is annually mesmerized by the TV set during the World Series, the athletic prowess of Brooks Robinson, Boog Powell, Paul Blair, Lee May, Johnny Bench, et al. proved a continual thrill. But the most pleasing moment of all (particularly since my choice had been the Big Red Machine) was the display of sheer dignity and gentility by the person who probably felt least like being courtly or accommodating—Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson. He deserves the greatest plaudits of all for his humble and obviously sincere congratulations to the Orioles when the sting of defeat was still pronounced. How refreshing to witness such conduct from a classic sportsman! So congratulations and thanks, too, to Sparky and the 1970 Reds for having given baseball a much needed injection of talent, fortitude and enthusiasm.

CAROL D. DUNCAN

Memphis

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Brooks Robinson for SF's Sportsman of the Year award. I feel that the way he demoralized the Cincinnati Reds with his glove and terrorized them with his bat earns him much consideration for this award. But more important was his humility in victory. After having disassembled the Big Red Machine, he refused to boast or gloat. Brooks Robinson truly is a sportsman.

JAMES E. TUCKER

Cincinnati

BOSTON ACCENT

Sirs:

As an avid New York Ranger fan I may be a little prejudiced, but Mark Mulvey must have Bobby Orr, Derek Sanderson and the Boston Bruins constantly on his mind.

His article, *It's Gotta Be Orr—Or Else* (Oct. 19), hardly previews hockey's new season. He writes 12 paragraphs on the Bruins, only one on the Canadiens, two on the Rangers, with the remaining 11 teams neatly compressed into the last 10 paragraphs. Pardon me, the very last paragraph returns to Mulvey's hero, Mr. Orr.

The clincher appears on page 4 of the same issue (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER), along with a picture of Mulvey and his other hero, Sanderson. You say: "Naturally Mark was a Bruin fan." If so? He still is!

JOHN F. HUBBARD

Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sirs:

Mark Mulvey seems to disapprove of the NHL's decision to add two teams to the league. I agree that there will be some mismatches (in a recent game, Buffalo took about 17 shots on goal while Montreal blizzed Roger Crozier with 50), but at least the fans in Buffalo will now get to see Hull, Howe, Beliveau and even the Bruins in the flesh. What would Mark Mulvey have done as a youth in Boston if he couldn't have watched the Bruins?

PAUL BURGER

Lockport, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am aggravated and upset. If the fate of the National Hockey League rests on Bobby Orr's shoulders for fan interest and profit, then the league is in bad shape. True, Orr is a great hockey player, but how far will you go to praise him? Bobby Orr and the Bruins take a back seat to Bobby Hull and the Black Hawks but, unfortunately, this was not the case in your article.

LEE GROSSMAN

Tarzana, Calif.

Sirs:

If Mulvey would go to Montreal or Toronto, where the most knowledgeable fans are, he would notice that Gordie Howe gets the loudest accolades of any opposing player. Howe is Mr. Hockey, not Orr. NHL attendance was near capacity before expansion and the heralded arrival of the Big Wonder. The action and spirit of the game is what has made hockey a truly major league sport. One man does not make a sport.

HENRY BUCK

Oak Park, Mich.

Sirs:

Yours is the finest preview of an NHL season that I have ever read. I'm glad you gave credit where credit was due. Thanks.

LARRY CADE

Sonora, Texas

SINCE'S STORY

Sirs:

My compliments to Harry Sinden and SI for informing the public as to the unfortunate circumstances surrounding his departure from Boston (*No Room at the Top for Me*, Oct. 19). It is easy for one to forget Sinden's role in leading the Bruins to the Stanley Cup when the headlines are reserved for Orr, Cheevers, Espinoza, Sanderson, et al. Granted, only the men on the ice can put the puck into the net. However, a coach who knows how to adjust to injuries, what defensive assignments to make and, most importantly, how to keep team morale at a peak and individual animosities to a minimum is indispensable to a championship club. I only hope that the Bruins will not now find themselves in the position of the Los Angeles Lakers—a team with all the horses but without the right jockey to get them to the finish line first.

LISTER B. SLADE

Eucled, Ohio

PATRIOTS' DAY

Sirs:

The Joe Kapp situation has been one of the major headlines in sports so far this fall, and I, for one, am happy to see it resolved. Jack Oben's excellent feature on Joe Kapp's marriage to Boston (*He Goes Where He Trouble Is*, Oct. 19) rekindled in me a grudging admiration for this super tough, flamboyant ballplayer. The Patriots may not be Super Bowl material yet, but with Mr. Kapp in charge they may surprise a few people in the remaining games.

PETER FAARIT

Washington

Sirs:

I must admit that Joe Kapp is the best thing that's happened to Boston in quite a while, but you made him out to be some kind of god from heaven (or Minnesota). I doubt that a presence of one man will make Boston a winner.

BARRY TANNIN

Brooklyn

Sirs:

I cannot see why the people of Boston got so excited about their new quarterback. As a Pittsburgh Steeler fan who has watched Terry Hanratty take control and lose 13 straight games, followed by Terry Bradshaw, the surefire golden boy from Louisiana who has guided our team in its first three losses this year, I can assure them that even their beer-drinking man of machismo can't take a second-rate team to a 7-7 record.

MARK CROSBY

Pittsburgh

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10TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

When I first read about Joe Kapp in *SI* (*Man of Marksmen*, July 20/27 *reg.*), I thought he was really something. But what kind of a team man leaves his fellow players without a leader? If he loves the game and his men as much as he puts on, he should have stayed in Minnesota for nothing. I think Jack Olsen ought to reevaluate Kapp. Then maybe the title of his article would read *He Goes Where the Money Is*.

TOM SOUTHBRIDGE

Davenport, Iowa

Sirs,

Our society is apt to do anything these days. Like glorify Joe Kapp in the name of Alan Puse. Carl Eller, Jim Marshall and Gary Larsen.

BON PROCHASKA

East Dubuque, Ill.

BELIEVERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on a very fine article on the Texas Longhorns (*The Woo of Texas Is Upon You*, Oct. 19). Dan Jenkins has done an outstanding job of showing the rest of the people what Texas is like. Despite the loss of Cotton Speyer (and a sad loss it is), I believe Texas will remain undefeated for the remainder of the regular season. With Steve Worsler's Woodburgers and Eddie Phillips' expert playing ability, the Texas Longhorns will be setting up shop in the Cotton Bowl before anyone (including Arkansas) has a chance to think about it.

STEVE R. HANBY

Carter Lake, Iowa

Sirs:

Darrell Royal may be a saint, but Ara is God (*Keepers of the True Faith*, Oct. 26).

JACK MORAN

JOE REAGAN

Notre Dame, Ind.

DOMINISHED TEN

Sirs,

I find it difficult to lend a sympathetic ear to Coaches Duffy Daugherty and John Pont about the recent decline of the Big Ten football fortunes (*Sportsman*, Oct. 19). Perhaps more than others, we here on the Pacific Coast have for years been subjected to the inoffensive and obnoxious remarks of Big Ten teams and their fans. They gloat when they win, make excuses or sulk when they lose and incessantly remind us of some innate (undefined) quality which makes Big Ten teams superior to all others. We learned long ago that they don't know how to lose any more gracefully than they know how to win.

Daugherty attributes the Big Eight's success against Big Ten teams to more liberal redshirting and scholarship allowances. Per-

haps. But this comment is most amusing coming from a coach whose teams so frequently reflect on his successful recruiting forays into Hawaii, Texas, the South, etc.

As for the Pacific Coast, the reason our teams have improved is obvious. The population of the whole area, especially California, has grown so much in the past decade that there are bound to be more good athletes. Then too, California's educational system, from high school through the junior college, college and university levels, all have highly developed athletic programs. This is evidenced by the preeminence of California teams in all sports in national competition. We have the teams because we have the population.

I suppose the solution to the Big Ten's present plight is for the schools to liberalize their policies, if that is the problem. In the meantime they might learn a little humility.

JOHN R. HEDSON

Arcadia, Calif.

BELEAGUERED ATHLETES

Sirs:

In view of the recent furor over the signing of Ralph Simpson by the Denver Rockets (*Sportsman*, Oct. 19), I have given a great deal of thought to the problem of signing athletes prior to their college graduation.

It seems to me that one of the basic questions is whether all professional prospects belong in college in the first place. Most colleges pride themselves in high academic standards, and it seems only logical to assume that all athletes cannot possibly be able to live up to the standards of the classroom. Certainly many nonathletic students drop out or flunk out of college each year and become eligible for employment prior to their class's graduation. It seems unreasonable to ask a boy, just because he is an excellent athlete, to live by other rules.

Perhaps the colleges themselves are the cause of the problem by taking in a boy who should not be in college solely to have him play a sport. In such cases, the boy should be allowed to sign a professional contract right out of high school.

The only answer to this problem seems to lie in the development by both football and basketball of a minor league system as an adjunct to their present sole reliance on the colleges. I hate to see the professionals condemned, or the lives of such athletes as Haywood and Simpson questioned by college officials, who are at least part of the cause in the first place.

BERNARD F. JOY

Judge

Probate Court

Milford, Conn.

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The Colony Park comes with a Dual-Action tailgate that swings down flat for cargo, opens like a door for passengers. Also standard: a luggage carrier, 400 CID V-8, Select-Shift automatic transmission, power rear window, power steering, power brakes, concealed headlamps. Center-facing rear seats (shown) optional.

2. Add the ride and comfort of a luxury car.

When it isn't doing duty as a station wagon, the Colony Park doubles as a luxury car. The long wheelbase and extra-wide tread (63" in front, 64" rear) help give it a ride that's unusually smooth. Interiors are upholstered in glove-soft vinyl. The individually adjustable Twin-Camfort lounge seats (shown) are optional.



3. And you have a better luxury station wagon.

The 1971 Colony Park with its yacht-deck paneling is part of Mercury's top-of-the-line Marquis series. A second Marquis wagon is also available with all-steel sides. It takes better ideas to make better cars. Mercury makes better cars—to buy, rent, or lease. See your Mercury dealer now for a guest drive.

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